The Making of Tomorrow, By Raoul de Roussy de Sales

The Saturday Review of Literature

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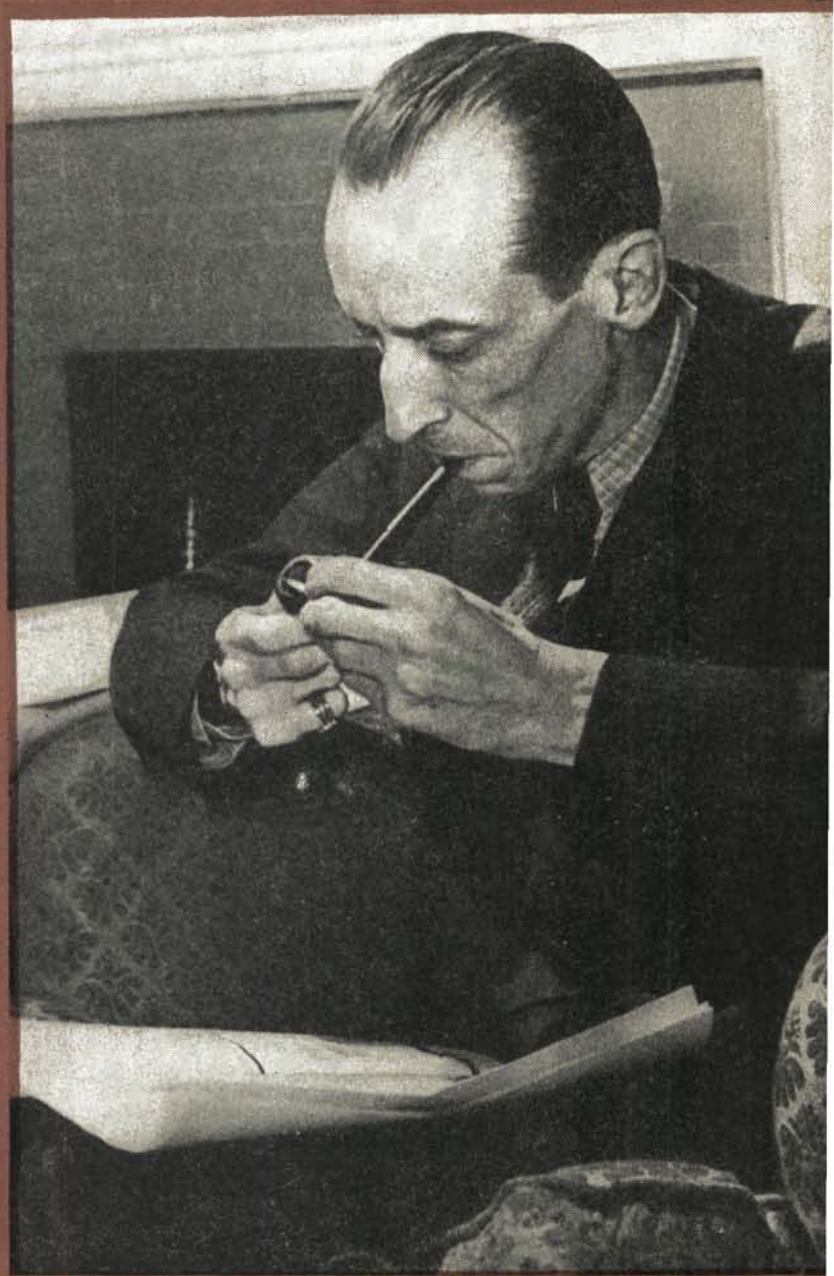

RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES: "Most of those who know him would concur in Mr. [Raymond Gram] Swing's estimate . . . 'I know of no American who could write with more valid judgment about this country'." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

"Vienna, Germany"

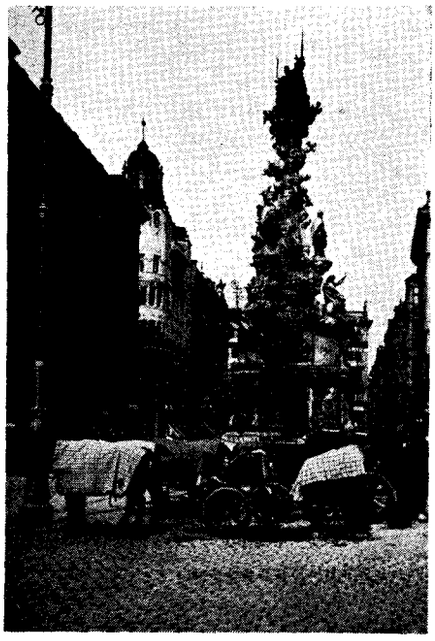
ALFRED WERNER

"VIENNA, Germany—hard to believe, isn't it?" the gentleman of the draftboard remarked as he glanced through my documents. Apparently it was difficult for him to imagine a Vienna different from the traditional city of wine, women, and song, a provincial town filled with the savagery of Nazism. The slender Gothic churches are still there, of course, but many a pious soul dares not attend Mass lest he be molested by the Hitler Youth that congregate in front of the Houses of God. Many of the baroque palaces are decorated with huge swastika flags, and the boots of storm troopers work havoc on the inlaid floors. Most of the benches in the parks are ornamented with such noble inscriptions as *Nur für Arier*—for Aryans only. But the sick, wretched old remains of Vienna's Jewry, marked with David's star, don't even venture to leave the house. Many shops and offices are closed—"Owner drafted" or "Owner in concentration camp" say the posted notices. A few people, most of them grim and hungry-looking, are seen in streets once crowded and full of life. There was a considerable "exodus" of Jews, Czechs, liberals, monarchists, and radicals from Vienna; even as the wives and children of Nazi bigshots fled to the city from British-shelled Western Germany, practically every Austrian male was being sent away to help strengthen the collapsing Eastern front. But nobody wears mourning—it is forbidden by the Gestapo, the rulers of the declining city.

Most Americans I have talked with have no real idea what my native country was like before the Nazi invasion. ("Country" here means "city," for Vienna represented the best of Austria even more definitely than Paris represented France.) This is not easy to understand, since thousands of Americans used to visit the Austrian Republic, seeking the services of famous doctors or entertainment of various kinds. And scores of books on Austria are available in English (most of them, it is true, written by Britishers), and Austria even appeared in the headlines of the American papers in her hour of death.

Yet one must not imagine he is better enabled to comprehend the strange soul of Austria (with all her grandeur and limitation) by spending a couple of weeks in the gorgeous international Grand Hotel on the Ringstrasse, or in the equally swanky Hotel Europa in Salzburg (within the means of even an American school-mistress) than by listening to Strauss's Kaiserwalzer or seeing a Hollywood film version of "Light o'Love" (*Liebelei*) in New York. It is a surprising fact that the most reliable and most painstaking reports about Austria, going deeper than do the fertile, imaginative writers of cheap novels, are to be found in the leisurely literature of the nineteenth century, when there was no urge to jot down hasty impressions for a superficial public.

The Boston scholar George Ticknor, for instance, who lived in Austria from 1835 to 1838, the pre-revolutionary *Vormaerz* period, was enchanted by the charm of the *Prater* and deeply impressed by the wealth of the *Hofbibliothek* (Royal Library). Meeting Prince Metternich, the reactionary dictator of the Dual Monarchy, he disgustedly heard him condemn the idea of democracy—though even Metternich could not help admitting that it might be useful for a new commonwealth like the United States. Ticknor travelled through the provinces and admired the beauty of the Austrian landscape—but also noted the steadily growing dissatisfaction with political and social conditions that had found its way even into the peaceful world of the cloisters. An exhaustive study of Central European problems is "Austria in 1848-49," by William H. Stiles, representative of the United States during the most crucial years of the Austrian Empire. The American Ambassador naturally welcomed the revolution and praised the restraint and order of the excited masses, sharply criticizing the bloody measures taken by the counter-revolution and comparing them with the basest of Marius, Sulla, and Tiberius.



The Graben, Vienna.

As for John Lothrop Motley, the historian who was representative of the United States from 1861 to 1867, he predicted, with some regret, the dissolution of the polyglot monarchy, which, he believed, would never become a real "melting-pot"—agreeing on this point with his predecessor Stiles. While in his country the Civil War was raging, he predicted that in "those remote and, to the general American public, obscure regions lie the seeds of many future convulsions in Europe." The gravediggers of the monarchy, to his mind, were the aristocrats, whom he severely criticized; it was not sufficient, he thought, to dance and hunt well, to have charm and pedigree.

America's greatest humorist visited Austria at the end of the nineteenth century, when the rivalries of the twenty nationalities, dangerous even in the time of Ticknor and Stiles, were approaching a climax. Mark Twain had gone to Vienna to enable his daughter to study the piano under the famous Theodore Leschetitzky. Two profound essays were, among others, the fruit of his stay in Vienna. One, concerning the Jews, sharply condemned the anti-Semitic movement that had begun under Dr. Karl Lueger,

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the "Christian Socialist" mayor of the metropolis. The other was titled "Stirring Times in Austria." Therein he described an Austria that was anything but *gemütlich,* with turbulent scenes in the houses of Parliament during the premiership of Polish-born Count Badeni, and brutal disruption of socialist mass meetings in the streets.

Mark Twain made it clear that the collapse of the Austrian monarchy was inevitable. It is easy to say *post festum* that the handwriting was plainly visible on every wall. Here was the second largest state in Europe (of the size of Texas), possessing more than fifty million inhabitants, extending from the Russian plains to the Rhine River, favored by nature in many ways. The various national groups were awakening; they would no longer submit to be ruled by the German minority and the Kaiser in Vienna. Nor were the masses any longer satisfied with the traditional rule of the aristocracy and plutocracy, the higher officials (*Beamten*) and the clergy. Johann Strauss was still swinging the baton and much wine was still being drunk in the *Heuriger,* the little inns, distinguished by branches of fir or vines hung over the doorway. But the god Bacchus was giving more and more ground to the gods of politics, Victor Adler, the leader of the Social Democrats, Dr. Lueger, the Clerical, Georg Ritter von Schoenerer, the Pan-German, and other messiahs.

But more striking than the political farsightedness of these early American observers is their noting that Austria had two faces, the smiling face that enchanted the foreigner, although it often proved to be no more than a pretty mask, and the devilish visage known only to such Austrians as came into close contact with the reactionary police, the Styrian Heimwehr Guard or the Carinthian Nazis. It is this Austrian devil that speaks in "Mein Kampf," contemptuously mutilating the more familiar and more human face of his country.

But is it necessary to read the worst and most bewildering product of Austrian literature to understand the ambiguity of the term "Austrian"? Fortunately much of the work of that great Austrian trio, Schnitzler, Rilke, and Hofmannsthal, has been translated into English. My American friends may wonder whether the strange longing for death, observable in almost all of their highly artistic poems, stories, and plays, is not the more Christian, more European way out of the Austrian dilemma, while Hitler's Caesarean dream is the other possibility to face a hostile world. If one can believe her poets, Vienna was, if not already a Central European Bruges, at least marked for death—even before the World War. Its hectic love of life—wasn't that born of a disease *sui generis?* The casual foreign visitor, of course, would not be likely to see that Vienna was waltzing herself to exhaustion, that Schnitzler was trying to squeeze all life into a single day because he was not so sure of a second to come, that Hofmannsthal, vainly endeavoring to order inner chaos, was unable to keep it from breaking through occasionally, as in "Elektra"; that Rilke, the deraciné from Prague (who remained an Austrian even in France) was bowing down before the Virgin Mary in terror and despair. The Vienna of 1898 already bore within it the germs of the disease that destroyed it so ingloriously in 1938. It is no coincidence that the greatest physician of the soul, Sigmund Freud, was born in Vienna, the city of prettily disguised erotomanias and neuroses . . .

To me even pre-war Vienna was a myth. My parents never tired of praising the Golden Age they thought lost for ever, the late Emperor Francis Joseph I, good man that he was, and the peace and prosperity that had flourished under his reign. In a way they were right to lament the dismemberment of the aged monarchy. The Vienna of the twenties was the aching heart of a miserably shrunken state about the size of Ohio in territory and population. Except for a few years of boom—between 1923 and 1927—there was little left of the dead Austrian *Gemütlichkeit* beyond what you paid for in dollars and English pounds. (It was still a regime of law and order, however, a paradise by comparison with the Nazi "Ostmark" of the past four years, certainly one of the most wretched spots on earth.) The Republic was the child of a socialist revolution, destined to perish in a "national" revolution. Between 1918 and 1938 at least six or seven strong attempts were made by anti-democratic forces to change the political system by force. There were periods, moreover, when hardly a day passed without the death or dangerous injury of a Social Democrat, a Heimwehr Guard, or a Nazi in the streets of Vienna or even some remote Alpine village. In 1927, when the Court of Justice was set on fire by a radical mob, my own father, a lawyer, had a very narrow escape from the burning building. In February, 1934 there was furious fighting in the streets with shooting from houses occupied respectively by the *Republikanishe Schutzbund,* the private army of the Social Democrats, and the *Heimwehr,* the semi-Fascist gang led by Dr. Dollfuss's right-hand man, Prince Starhemberg. There were ceaseless battles in the Aula and even in the classrooms of Vienna University, where the Nazi students, in the majority long before

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America's Business

THE MAKING OF TOMORROW. By Raoul de Roussy de Sales. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1942. 331 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

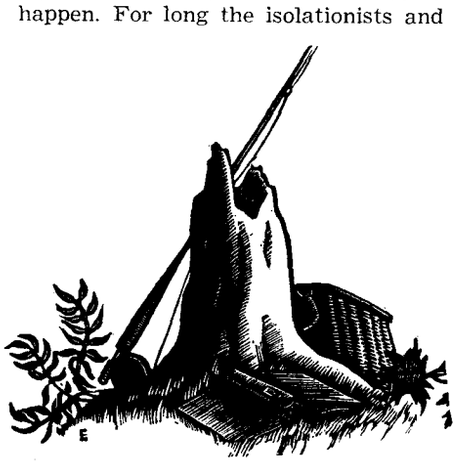
HERE is an author who says at the end of his book that he has raised several questions without trying to answer them, "because I do not believe that anyone today can make a synthesis of the contradictions which they imply." It might be wondered why anybody should buy such a work when the counters are covered with books that will tell you the answers to practically all current questions; but you will find it worth your three dollars none the less. For the questions we are going to have to try to answer are here subjected to an exceptionally discriminating analysis; if the author does not profess to know the answers he is at least pretty confident that he knows the general area in which they must be found, and he is convinced that Americans above all people are going to have to find them.

Mr. de Sales (I believe he is actually a Count but he does not work at it) is French in birth, education, and most of his ancestry; but he has lived in this country for most of his professional career as correspondent of French newspapers, and he can regard American affairs with a rare blend of expert knowledge and a considerable degree of detachment. Most of those who know him would concur in Mr. Swing's estimate, in an introduction to an earlier book: "I know of no American who could write with more valid judgment about this country." And he tells us that the outside world has long been more conscious than we are that "there is literally no salvation for Western civilization without positive leadership and inspiration from America . . . Hitler has forced us to see that this world must be remade," and if we don't remake it, he will. How we are to remake it is going to take a lot of thinking; "it is going to be the business of the Americans to exert their intelligence more perhaps than any other faculty. The reason for this is that they are still in the privileged position of being able to do so. They are in this war, and in this revolution, but they can still look at both and, probably, determine their course."

Until Pearl Harbor, the author observes, "Americans were made to think not only that they could decide between peace and war, but that they could decide how much war they would accept." That turned out to be a mistake but at least it left us feeling that we could regard the social and political and economic future a little more impersonally than other nations. And de Sales seems to feel that this "spectator attitude," so much condemned of late, has (or had) its compensations; now that France is temporarily null and void and England must spend most of its energy on mere survival, we are the only nation that is likely to have left, at the end of the war, enough freshness and vitality and initiative to look for some answer that will not lead us eventually down the same disastrous road that we and the rest of the world traversed from 1919 to 1939.

That a great many of us will not want to make the effort he realizes well enough. When this war is over people will want to get away from it all, as they did after the last war, whether they chose the equally unrealistic refuges of the South Seas with the memory of Gauguin or of normalcy with Harding. But no matter how tired we may be when the shooting stops, how much we may want to scatter about our private and unrelated businesses, we may have to accept difficult and profound changes, amounting perhaps to "a reappraisal of the whole destiny of America as one commonly views it through the orthodox teachings of history and popular prejudices, if the war is not to end in some sort of unpredictable chaos."

It won't be easy, for "the two contradictory currents of isolationism and reform" (reform being an intelligent European's term for the missionary impulse which we generally call interventionism) "have had up to now one trait in common—they took too little account of the reality of the world as it is." Reformers thought that after a few wicked men had been slapped down the rest of the human race would be willing to live together in brotherhood; isolationists thought that to prevent a thing from happening it was enough to want it not to happen. For long the isolationists and



their ethics prevailed; so, the author notes with a certain dry amusement, the American people who condemn "power politics" as selfish and immoral could not be sold on the idea of aid to England until they had been convinced that "they were not showing the slightest generosity or idealism, but acting strictly in their own selfish national interest." But Pearl Harbor got us into it, and conceivably more people will realize this time than last time that even selfish national interest would make it advisable to look for some method by which we might escape getting into something else of the same sort in the 1960s.

For such a search we may be better equipped than most of us realize. For one thing, we start from a fairly solid base; "the American people are more conservative than any other," they criticize the methods and personnel of any given administration but "they do not question the fundamental fact that the American system is intrinsically good and capable of enduring forever . . . At a time when democracy is supposed to be in a condition of decadence, the fact is too often overlooked that there exists a nation of 130,000,000 people who cannot conceive that they could exist under any other political regime than democracy." And it is in democracy that the answer is to be found. For all Hitler says about Bolshevism and capitalism and the Jews, democracy is his one real peril; "if he can destroy that he destroys all the rest." But if that is saved we have a chance for the future, for democracy "contains the essential idea of continuity and evolution, of progress and permanence, without which there can be no civilization." Furthermore, American democracy (at least under its present leadership) is in the author's opinion the only kind that can win the war and hope to establish a reasonably satisfactory peace. "President Roosevelt has committed the United States to an extension of the kind of democracy which the President himself believes in, that is, one definitely founded on popular support and not on the preservation of oligarchic control"; and the history of Daladier and Chamberlain proves that Hitler can be beaten "only if the mass of the people in the democracies can be made to understand that this is their war, and that in fighting it they are not merely trying to maintain the status quo."

Somewhere among the endless potentialities of democracy, then, the answer is to be found if it is to be found at all. The difficulties are enormous; indeed most of the book is devoted to an analysis of problems whose solution will be hard to find. How

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reconcile the diversity of European nations, essential to European culture however much Americans may deplore it, with the working internationalism necessary to any further progress? How harmonize individual freedom, essential to progress, with the collectivism which means higher production and greater freedom from want? How teach civilized peoples, which have quite sensibly realized in recent years that war is the greatest curse of the race, that when they are faced with "the brutal choice between war and destruction" they must react more alertly and recognize the danger more promptly than they did in recent years? The answers to these questions are not now apparent, and conceivably none may be found. But, says de Sales, we all accept the idea that some personal problems are insoluble, and we learn to stand them none the less; why should we find it unendurable that there is no ideal solution for the collective problems of humanity? The hope of the millennium is a powerful incentive to action; but disappointment when the millennium fails to appear may bring on a catastrophic collapse of morale, as it did after 1919. But "the very fact that we do not pretend to have a ready-made solution to all the problems of today and tomorrow is proof of the vitality of the democratic process. The ambition of democracy is constant improvement. The aims for which we toil seem very distant and sometimes dim, but we know that there is no hope of reaching them except through victory."

So much for the argument of a book which doesn't tell us the answer, but suggests where perhaps, with luck, we may find it for ourselves. Some people will read it for the argument, some for the analysis; and some will find delight in recurrent observations such as only a Frenchman could phrase so well. Such dry comments as "the American business elite has not considered itself subject to the state"; the curt and blistering description of the "café society International"; and this, "I do not know what place Marshal Petain will occupy in history because all depends on how events turn out and therefore on who writes that history. But it can already be said that Petain enjoys the singular distinction among all the rulers that France has known in her long history, of being the first one not to recognize a barbarian when he sees one and the first one to accept the idea that the victor must be right because he has conquered." That is in a tradition that this "restorer of the past" is incapable of appreciating, even though he has done his best to kill it. It will live again.

Story of the Golden Fluid

THE GOLDEN FLOOD. By Herbert Asbury. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 324 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by E. L. DeGolyer

HERBERT ASBURY has abandoned, for the moment at least, his recent field of research and has devoted his talent to a reconstruction of the story of the beginning of the oil industry—to "an informal history of America's first oil field."

The treatment of the theme is the conventional one. The first chapter is the usual compilation of early historical references: Herodotus, Aristotle, and Pliny of the ancients down to de la Roche d'Allion's mention of the oil spring at Cubas, New York; asphalt at Babylon down to bushy-bearded Samuel Kier, the brine wells, medicinal oils, and the first successful refining of an illuminant, "coal oil." There follows the oft-told tale of "Colonel" Edwin L. Drake, the complacent and ineffectual discoverer of the first well who almost starved in the midst of plenty, and a chapter on the full-blown oil boom melodramatically titled, "From Rags to Riches."

At this point, Mr. Asbury digresses from his main story to enjoy himself with the tale of that famous oil field eccentric, the conventional prototype of oil field millionaires, Coal Oil Johnny, but then sternly continues with a chapter on the development of the pipe line, and another on the story of the orgy that was Pithole.

—*Etching by Roi Patridge. ("Fine Prints of the Year" 1932).*
Texas Oil Well

From here on, the oil fields are of secondary interest. A colorful chapter on the Oil Creek hetaerae is followed by the story of the king of the bawds, Ben Hogan, and this by an account of the Great Benninghoff Robbery.

The main theme is recaptured at last, however, and after a chapter on the further development of oil fields from flashy Pithole to great Bradford, the book concludes, just as in the apotheosis to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Little Eva always ascends into heaven in a back drop which resembles a soiled lace valentine, with a chapter on "The Rise of Standard Oil."

This is a tale, neither critical nor analytical, told for its color. It is the bright flashes which interest Mr. Asbury. He makes no serious effort to etch out or understand the essential pattern of the industry developed in this early day. He misses the characteristic rhythm of over and under production, wide fluctuation in price, tremendous waste, and free functioning of the law of supply and demand which broke millionaires almost as often as it made them. He misses the Butler County sheriff who "finds it necessary to keep ten or twelve deputies constantly employed cleaning out enthusiastic borers for half-dollar oil."

The author does not understand too well the industry which he attempts to describe; *e.g.,* on one page he concludes that "wildcat operations are comparatively rare." There were some 4,000 wildcat operations in the American petroleum regions last year; we hope for 5,000 to 6,000 during the present year. "Wildcat" in our industry is an exploratory well, no matter what geological or geophysical sanction it may enjoy, and the word carries no connotation such as it does in financial circles.

The "Selected Bibliography" which accompanies this work is not very critical. Two recent works essential to any reasonably complete consideration of the subject are omitted. I refer to Paul H. Giddens's scholarly "The Birth of the Oil Industry," and Allen Nevins's biography, "John D. Rockefeller."

One closes "The Golden Flood" with a distinct feeling of regret. It is not that it is not a good tale well told but that it has been as well or better told before. We shall keep our McLaurin's "Sketches in Crude Oil," even though the binding is a little shaky, and hope that Mr. Asbury will devote his talent at some future time to the history of that other colorful and equally boisterous and epoch-making period of our industry which has not yet been well told—the discovery of oil at Spindletop.

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People of Crime

NEVER COME MORNING. By Nelson Algren. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 284 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

MR. ALGREN'S new novel is a knockout. Like a flare of light, it illumines one of our big industries—the crime racket. But the illumination is in human terms, the method of Richard Wright, and not of W. R. Burnett or James Cain.

In general, the crime industry shapes up about as follows. At the center are the millionaire receivers of the take. Revolving around them are the important satellites, the brokers, politicians, corrupt judges, the little-shot bigshots who gear into every wheel of American life. Around the satellites, spin the mob leaders, ward captains, madames, fences. And way out in space, a million million dollars away from the center, are the industry's bread and butter strong-arm lads, the poolroom sharks, the whores, the books. These are the little people of crime who live in the slums of the cities. They are recruited from the garbagy tenements to take their obscure places in the brothels and in the stolen cars.

"Never Come Morning" deals with some of these bread and butter people, who live in the Polish section of Chicago. Bruno Lefty Bicek, the chief character, is a sort of Polish-American Bigger Thomas. Bruno and Bigger are twins, but not identical twins. Unlike Bigger who ends up defying the whole white world like a human wolf, there is an out for Bruno as there is no out for his associates, Fireball Kodadek, Catfoot, Snipes, Mama Tomek. Bruno has the makings of a good prizefighter. He has the chance to slug his way up and out of hell (and it is a hell where Bruno is betrayed into betraying Steffi, the girl he loves, to the mob's rape) into manhood, a manhood that will also salvage Steffi.

I find that the foregoing merely indicates the broader social relationships in Algren's novel. There is a great deal more here, enough to make "Never Come Morning" tower head and shoulders over most novels as "Native Son" towered over most novels in its publication year. There is the hard bitter poetry of the street argot: "Don't gimme that hustle, Bicek. Don't gimme that executive hustle." There is the Céline-like horror of the split soul with Bruno thinking of himself as: "this Bicek wasn't the one to take advantage of man, woman or child. Just a big clean kid; he'd be a clean champ." There are the superbly done worlds of gang and street.

—*Photo Reuben Segel.*
Nelson Algren

of cop and jail, of whore and jukebox.

There are also, to my way of thinking, some loose ends. After Bruno gets out of jail, we are not given enough of this "modern Ketchel" (Bruno's dream image of himself) in training gym or in ring. More fundamentally, the Bruno-Steffi relationship is sidetracked. This is the Steffi of whom: "For all his guilt was for Steffi R. . . . He alone had killed her." Instead, Algren's pages present living snapshots of Steffi's housemates, Chicadee, Helen, Roxie, Tookie. I feel the author's own creative outlook has tripped him up. I think Algren is just a bit too fascinated by gang life as gang life, as Wright was to a far larger degree fascinated by murder for its own getting-rid-of-the-corpse sake. This fascination is reflected in the darkness of the title; in the dedication out of Walt Whitman, in dozens of lines and passages throughout the novel.

God knows there is darkness. But there is light, too. Not the light of the Klieg-like Pollyanna novelists, or the candlelight of the sentimentalist fictioneers. But the living light of ordinary human hopes; the light that flickers both in Bruno and Steffi and that Algren reports to us, even if intermittently in the last half of his book. More of this sense of totality would have helped the novel.

However, these omissions are dwarfed by the powerful positive achievements on almost every page of character, of color, of poetry, of understanding. You will not forget Bruno or Steffi or any of these other obscure Chicago Polish-Americans—no longer obscure because Algren has recreated them for us and made them terrifying and important as Bigger was made terrifying and important by Wright.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

BROTHER AND SISTER ACTS

Mr. William King, of the St. Louis Public Library, is the author of this week's quiz on famous brothers and sisters in the literary world. How many of them do you recognize? Five correct answers is par, six is good, and seven or better is excellent. Answers on page 21.

1. This devoted brother and sister rendered great dramatic poetry into prose for children.
2. Both brother and sister were poets. The brother was also a painter and sometimes used his sister as a model.
3. The brother was an eminent New England clergyman known more perhaps for his oral than his written word, and the sister helped, by one of her novels, to precipitate a war.
4. A French heritage belongs to this English brother and sister. He has written nearly all types of literature, but the sister finds the detective story her metier.
5. We have Hitler to thank for these twain. They are in the vanguard of new writing in this country, inheriting a talent from their famous father.
6. Their amusing accounts of travel at tender years made these brothers and their sister best sellers recently.
7. An American trio—two brothers and a sister who are usually associated with poetry, its creation, criticism, etc. One of the brothers is a contributing editor of a famous magazine.
8. An English trio who last year won a libel suit against an English magazine. They write belles-lettres. The brothers have rather unusual given names, and the sister affects a somewhat mediaeval type of dress.
9. Sir Edward Burne-Jones was the grandfather of this brother and sister, and they are related to Earl Baldwin of Bewdley and to Rudyard Kipling. The brother, besides being a novelist, has been a scenic designer. His sister has created Pomfret-Madrigal as the locale of her stories.
10. Both of these American novelists have lived in France, but the brother is more Gallicized than his sister. His work inclines towards the serious, while her novels are usually light.

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Lewis . . .

I REMEMBER CHRISTINE. By Oscar Lewis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1942. 266 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. STEWART

MR. LEWIS has previously been known as a writer of non-fiction, through his "Big Four" and "Bonanza Inn" (in collaboration with Carroll D. Hall). These volumes are notable for a superlative deftness of style which makes their reading a constant joy, a keen but pleasant ironic humor, and a detailed and vivid recreation of the past of San Francisco.

The qualities of Mr. Lewis's first novel are strikingly similar to those of these earlier books. The fictional situation from which it arises can be briefly summarized. Professor Casebolt—the eminent scholar of California history—has just published his authorized biography of the San Francisco millionaire, James Horton. The book (being what authorized biographies usually are) amuses and mildly irritates a local novelist, the elderly Walter Doane, who had known Horton personally. Doane sets out to prepare his own portrait of Horton. But he is a novelist, also a dilettante and an egotist. His book becomes little more than some personal reminiscences of his contacts with Horton. Actually he is bored, not inspired, by his memories of the millionaire. Finally, the cat is out—Doane's chief interest and therefore the chief character of the book becomes Christine Winton, who for some years was Horton's mistress.

In certain respects this rather elaborate frame exerts a cramping influence. The events are all represented as far in the past, and blood which once ran hot, now runs more cool. Old age, in the person of Walter Doane, looks far back upon youth. On the other hand, Mr. Lewis has quite possibly chosen the technique which is most suitable to his genius. The very personality of Walter Doane, essentially the spectator and commentator, permits an extended development of irony, a richness of humorous annotation, and a charitable exposition of life's follies. Mr. Lewis seems more interested in these fields than in the narration of vigorous action or of emotional crises. Even in such an essentially rough and raw-bone story as "The Big Four," the spirit is often light; "I Remember Christine" is almost a documentary illustration of Meredithian comedy.

The novel shares generously in the good qualities of the historical works. Preëminently it has readability—that curious quality of luring a reader on from sentence to sentence, lacking which even the most noble works of literature can become boring. He who begins "I Remember Christine" will not easily put it down unfinished. On one occasion even an old-time group photograph is described and made to seem interesting. In humorous irony Mr. Lewis is still a master. This is nowhere more evident than in his most excellent ability to write—just short of parody—the styles of others. He can give us Professor Casebolt's ponderous renditions of conversation, or the chopped colloquial banality of a Bancroft "memoir." The vignettes of California life are excellent, as would be expected of the author. All of these of course are observed through the mind of Doane (sixty-three, but still vigorous) who views them with just the proper touch of nostalgia.

Taylor Caldwell

Oscar Lewis

Caldwell . . .

THE STRONG CITY. By Taylor Caldwell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1942. 580 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THE author of the two gripping novels about a powerful, ruthless munitions family, "Dynasty of Death" and "The Eagles Gather," has sensibly abandoned, at least for the present, the cynical theme that armament kings promote wars and wreck peace efforts, and in her new novel is content to utilize her vast knowledge of industry, labor, and finance as a background for a strapping "success" novel of the Gilded Age. With no axe to grind, she is able to spend her very considerable talents on characters and story. Neither Dreiser nor Sinclair has given us a more appalling picture of the ugly age of money-madness, when unscrupulousness and rascality paid their highest dividends. "The Strong City" is not a nostalgic story of the good old days; it is a devastating, almost unrelieved portrait of the most grossly materialistic and graceless decades of American life.

Franz Stoessel, a Bavarian immigrant, early is persuaded of the truth of Solomon's proverb "The rich man's wealth is his strong city," and brutally builds, and fortifies himself in, his strong city. He is as callous a rascal as fiction provides. He does not sell his soul to the devil, for he has no soul—only a few elemental passions and fears; he is empty and barren from the beginning, and the final sterility of his life comes as no disillusion and marks no change. There is nothing flamboyant or gaudy in his infamy: his Machiavellian opportunism and carefully planned assaults are never audacious, only cold-blooded and sure of success. Taylor Caldwell is at her best in painting these robber-murder barons. Sharp and vivid, too, are the other characters: the porcine German peasant who marries into power and fortune; the gnome-like dwarf, who seems a fugitive from Scott or Hawthorne; the pathetic immigrants; the sharply individualized children and servants. Equally powerful is the author's descriptive skill,—the ugly, dirty streets, the noisy mills, the squalid shacks of the poor.

Less successful are the long passages of serious dialogue, which are often inertly essayish. Moreover, as in her previous novels, the author invests "The Strong City" with such an aura of violence that it overexerts itself. Taylor Caldwell's novels will be more powerful when she forces her characters to more self-control.

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Portrait of a Musician

VERDI, THE MAN IN HIS LETTERS. As edited and selected by Franz Werfel and Paul Stefan. Translated by Edward Downes. New York: L. B. Fischer. 1942. 446 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GILBERT CHASE

IN the Library of Congress card catalogue, the literature on Wagner takes up eighteen inches, that on Verdi, three inches. This indicates the disproportionate attention that has been given to these two operatic giants of the nineteenth century. I say "disproportionate" advisedly, because it in no way indicates the relative artistic stature of the two men. It proves nothing save that Wagner was the better showman, and that his life was richer in those lurid aspects that hold such a perverse fascination for mankind. There was tragedy and passion in Verdi's life, but he never exploited them for self-advertisement. The bally-hoo that was made over the première of *Aida* disgusted him. He never wrote an autobiography, but if he had, it would have been an honest one. He wanted his private life to be purely his own concern. "Why should anyone go and drag out a musician's letters?" he once exclaimed.

Verdi, the sturdy Italian peasant, was an honest, rugged, straightforward individual whose idealism was tempered with plenty of common sense. He was firm, shrewd and strong-willed, but never arrogant or conceited. His most famous letter is also the shortest, and gives a complete picture of the man: It was written after the first-night failure of *La Traviata* at Venice in 1853.

> Dear Emanuele: "Traviata" last night—a fiasco. Was it my fault or the singers'? . . . Time will tell.

What simplicity! What honesty! What serenity!

In this book we get two portraits of Verdi. One is the biographical introduction contributed by Franz Werfel, whose novel, "Verdi," (1924), is a masterpiece of psychological characterization and artistic insight. Displaying the same qualities in a smaller frame, Werfel in some eighty pages traces both the inward spiritual development and the outward historical significance of Verdi's career, preparing the reader for the unconscious self-portrait that is to follow in the letters.

As Werfel points out, Verdi does not reveal himself directly in his letters. He was not concerned with self-revelation. As for love letters, certainly he wrote them—says Werfel—but they have not been found. His correspondence consists mostly of shop-talk—about contracts, singers, librettos, impresarios, theatres. But what shop-talk! Here we see the composer actually at work, attending to very detail himself, from the choosing and shaping of the libretto to the last rehearsal and after. How fascinating it is to watch him planning an opera on "King Lear," wrestling scene by scene with the difficulties of a drama "so tremendous, so deeply involved" that it could not be conceived by ordinary operatic standards. To his librettist he writes, "We must treat it in a completely new way, on a grand scale, without any regard for convention." This sentence is revealing. It confirms what is evident to any discerning student of his music, that Verdi was not a convention-bound manufacturer of operas, but a creative artist of the first magnitude, with vision and courage and an unquenchable determination ever to surpass himself. At seventy, after a silence of fifteen years, when everyone thought he was through, he surpassed himself with *Otello.* And at eighty, with a vitality little short of miraculous, he surpassed himself again with *Falstaff,* the perfect musical comedy. Verdi and Shakespeare—that alone is a subject on which volumes could be written.

No one who is seriously interested in opera can afford to overlook these letters, now made available in English for the first time. Admirably translated and arranged, with helpful but not burdensome notes, fortified with a list of Verdi's works and two indexes, the correspondence is a welcome addition to a steadily growing literature—and one which is bound to increase, even though it may always lag several inches behind the inordinate Wagnerian output!

—*From the Book. Courtesy Arturo Toscanini.*
Verdi

Traveller to Cathay

VENETIAN ADVENTURER: MARCO POLO. By Henry H. Hart. Stanford: Stanford University Press. 1942. 284 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

AMONG other marvels related by Messire Marco Polo after he got back to Venice, was the tale of Cipangu, an island which he had not seen but which lay, he heard, in the ocean some fifteen hundred *li* eastward of Cathay, peopled by a warlike, idolatrous race, given to eating the flesh of their enemies and other abominable practices, but "civilized" and so rich that their temples and palaces were roofed with gold. When Christopher Columbus, the Genoese, sailed from Palos, about two hundred years later, it was much in his mind to find that half-fabulous island of golden roofs. One could wish that, as sceptics then believed, it had been wholely fabulous, and that neither Columbus who dreamed of opening it to Western trade nor Perry who did so had ever been able to find it. Then, besides greater benefits, books of quiet excellence like this one of Dr. Hart's would not be in danger of being neglected because of the noise the idolaters of Cipangu have lately been making in the world.

Dr. Hart's book should not be neglected. In the long run, of course, it will not be. Although it is now some six hundred and fifty years since a Venetian adventurer brought back to Europe the first good account of the Far East, and although a bibliography of the books about Marco Polo since that time would fill a longer volume than Dr. Hart's, this is the first biography of the great traveller in English (and indeed, as far as I know in any language) which combines competent scholarship with the readability and picturesqueness which Polo's extraordinary story deserves. It is a short book, "as readable as a novel" (would that most novels were, indeed, as readable!) and it is singularly lacking in pedantry or pretentiousness, but phrases which impress the casual reader only with their aptness or vividness, are likely to impress the scholar with the broad learning and patient research from which they have been coined. You may take it not only as a charming companion on a voyage to Messire Marco's far off times and lands, but as a reliable guide. It will carry readers to lands at present closed to them. The Stanford Press has printed it as handsomely as it deserves; it is a pity that the many interesting maps and illustrations are not more sharply reproduced.

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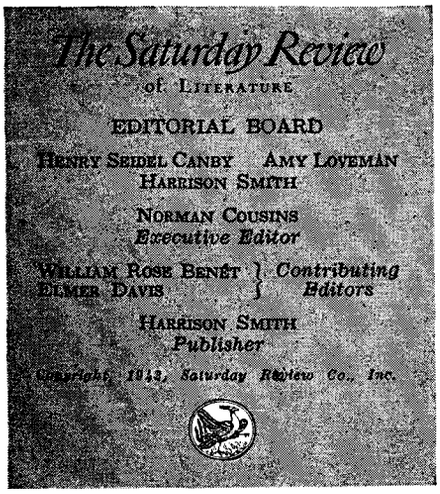

POLL OF THE CRITICS

FOR the fifth successive year *The Saturday Review* presents the preferences of the reviewers of the nation's press for the forthcoming annual Pulitzer Prize Awards. In all, twenty-nine critics took part in the poll. In only one category, Biography, did the full complement of reviewers register votes. In Poetry eleven entered no title, and in Fiction and History each, one title was lacking.

It is notable that the voting on the outstanding novel of 1941 showed no such runaway favorite as in the previous year when Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" led the field with a margin of fifteen votes over the nearest contestant, Kenneth Roberts's "Oliver Wiswell." The critics have topped the current list with John R. Marquand's "H. M. Pulham, Esq." which received eight votes, only three more than went to the runner-up, Ellen Glasgow's "In This Our Life." Both first and second choices set the seal of approval on authors of recognized distinction and on novels which are witty commentaries upon contemporary American life. Third in the list came George R. Stewart's "Storm," fiction of a unique sort in which romance lent a fillip to science and science gave substance to romance.

It is a curious fact—or perhaps in view of the voracious appetite of the public for "doctor" books it should seem a natural one—that the two biographies which led the list were both medical chronicles. In "The Doctors Mayo," by H. B. Clapesattle, which registered six votes against the four which went to Simon Flexner's "William Henry Welch: The Heroic Age of American Medicine," the critics gave the majority to a work which is an American success story able to hold its own with any of the spectacular sagas of industry. It is interesting to note that except for "Anthony Wayne, Trouble Shooter of the American Revolution," by Harry Emerson Wildes, which got one vote (and another under the category of History), "Crusader in Crinoline," a life of Harriet Beecher Stowe, by Forrest Wilson, and "Secret History of the American Revolution," by Carl Van Doren, which wandered in a single instance from History to Biography, the critics turned to other than war annals. "Berlin Diary," by William R. Shirer, entered by one reviewer, falls without the provisions of the Pulitzer Award.

If the critics eschewed the military in their selection of biographies they went all out for it in History. Two books led the field by a long distance, Margaret Leech's "Reveille in Washington," which received twelve votes, and Carl Van Doren's "Secret History of the American Revolution" which received nine—or ten if the vote cast for it under Biography is added. Only seven other titles (the only other to get more than one vote being Stanley F. Horn's "The Army of Tennessee") appeared—the smallest number registered in any category.

The critics as a body are apparently less wont to read Poetry than other forms of literature. Only eighteen of the twenty-nine voting entered titles in this category, and their selections were scattered among ten volumes. No book got more than three votes, and two won this number, William Rose Benét's "The Dust Which Is God" and Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Collected Sonnets."

In the past *The Saturday Review* poll of critics has corresponded fairly closely with the action taken by the Pulitzer committees. We look forward with interest to discovering how this year's representative cross-section of opinion will measure up with the decisions to be handed down next month.

A summary of the tabulations follows. On the opposite page appear the choices of the individual reviewers.

FICTION

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. by John P. Marquand *(Little, Brown)*	8
IN THIS OUR LIFE by Ellen Glasgow *(Harcourt, Brace)*	5
STORM by George R. Stewart *(Random)*	4
WINDSWEPT by Mary Ellen Chase *(Macmillan)*	3
DELILAH by Marcus Goodrich *(Farrar & Rinehart)*	2
DARKNESS AT NOON by Arthur Koestler *(Macmillan)*	1
BREAD AND A STONE by Alvah P. Bessie *(Modern Age)*	1
BETWEEN TWO WORLDS by Upton Sinclair *(Viking)*	1
THE LAST FRONTIER by Howard Fast *(Duell, Sloan & Pearce)*	1
THE LAST TYCOON by F. Scott Fitzgerald *(Scribners)*	1

BIOGRAPHY

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
THE DOCTORS MAYO by H. B. Clapesattle *(Univ. of Minnesota)*	6
WILLIAM HENRY WELCH: THE HEROIC AGE OF AMERICAN MEDICINE by Simon Flexner *(Viking)*	4
LANTERNS ON THE LEVEE by William Alexander Percy *(Knopf)*	3
CRUSADER IN CRINOLINE by Forrest Wilson *(Lippincott)*	3
YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS by T. R. Ybarra *(Washburn)*	2
NEWSPAPER DAYS, 1899-1906 by H. L. Mencken *(Knopf)*	2
AUTOBIOGRAPHY: ERIC GILL: *(Devin-Adair)*	1
WHITTIER, BARD OF FREEDOM by Whitman Bennett *(University of North Carolina)*	1
SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION by Carl Van Doren *(Viking)*	1
THE ASTORS by Harry O'Connor *(Knopf)*	1
CLARENCE DARROW: IN THE DEFENSE by Irving Stone *(Doubleday, Doran)*	1
EDGAR ALLAN POE by Arthur Hobson Quinn *(Appleton-Century)*	1
LET US NOW PRAISE FAMOUS MEN by James Agee and Walker Evans *(Houghton Mifflin)*	1
ANTHONY WAYNE: TROUBLE SHOOTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION by Harry Emerson Wildes *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
BERLIN DIARY by William R. Shirer *(Knopf)*	1

HISTORY

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
REVEILLE IN WASHINGTON by Margaret Leech *(Harpers)*	12
SECRET HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION by Carl Van Doren *(Viking)*	9
THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE by Stanley F. Horn *(Bobbs-Merrill)*	2
ANTHONY WAYNE: TROUBLE SHOOTER OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION by Harry Emerson Wildes *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
WHERE ANGELS FEARED TO TREAD by V. F. Calverton *(Bobbs-Merrill)*	1
A GENERATION OF MATERIALISM by Carlton J. Hayes *(Harpers)*	1
LOUISIANA HAYRIDE by Harnett T. Kane *(Morrow)*	1
THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS by Edmund Cody Burnett *(Macmillan)*	1

POETRY

TITLE, AUTHOR, AND PUBLISHER	NO. OF VOTES
THE DUST WHICH IS GOD by William Rose Benét *(Dodd, Mead)*	3
COLLECTED SONNETS by Edna St. Vincent Millay *(Harpers)*	3
COLLECTED POEMS OF LEW SARETT *(Holt)*	2
POEMS AND NEW POEMS by Louise Bogan *(Scribners)*	2
THE AIRMEN by Selden Rodman *(Random)*	2
POEMS by Ridgely Torrence *(Macmillan)*	2
THE SONG OF JED SMITH by John G. Neihardt *(Macmillan)*	1
THE POEM OF BUNKER HILL by Harry Brown *(Scribners)*	1
POEMS: 1930-1940 by Horace Gregory *(Harcourt, Brace)*	1
THE WHITE CLIFFS by Alice Duer Miller *(Coward-McCann)*	1

Morning and Noon

By Sara Van Alstyne Allen

HERE is the invincible surmise,
Where in the heart of June
The labyrinthian stone is carved
Between the morning and the noon.

Here is the doubt that grows
Like a bruise made on the first fruit
By a careless hand,
And here the knowledge stays
Like a bloom over the apple or the pear,
Delicately and richly curved
For the too-discerning mind.

Over the wide and candid eyes
The lids like empty hands come down
To hide the darting lightning there
Where gleamed a moment, and was gone,
The quiet, invincible surmise.

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Individual Nominations of the Nation's Book Reviewers

Name	*Fiction Vote*	*Biography Vote*	*History Vote*	*Poetry Vote*
LEWIS GANNETT, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*	Storm	Young Man of Caracas	Secret History of the American Revolution	No vote
MARY S. DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*	In This Our Life	Lanterns on the Levee	The Army of Tennessee	No vote
JOSEPH M. LALLEY, *The Washington Post*	In This Our Life	Autobiography: Eric Gill	The Army of Tennessee	Collected Sonnets, Edna St. Vincent Millay
GILBERT E. GOVAN, *Chattanooga, Tenn., Times*	In This Our Life	William Henry Welch: The Heroic Age of American Medicine	Secret History of the American Revolution	Collected Sonnets, Edna St. Vincent Millay
TED ROBINSON, *The Cleveland Plain Dealer*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	The Doctors Mayo	Anthony Wayne	Collected Poems of Lew Sarett
MICHAEL MARCH, *The Brooklyn Citizen*	Storm	The Doctors Mayo	Where Angels Fear to Tread	No vote
ALICIA PATTERSON, *New York Daily News*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	Newspaper Days, 1899-1906	Reveille in Washington	No vote
ANGUS PERKERSON, *Atlanta Journal*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	The Doctors Mayo	Reveille in Washington	The Dust Which Is God
KENNETH C. KAUFMAN, *Daily Oklahoman*	Windswept	Crusader in Crinoline	Reveille in Washington	Poems by Ridgely Torrence
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*	Windswept	Whittier, Bard of Freedom	Secret History of the American Revolution	Poems and New Poems by Louise Bogan
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening News*	Delilah	The Doctors Mayo	Reveille in Washington	The Airmen
"CALVERT CARROLL," *Baltimore News-Post*	Storm	Newspaper Days, 1899-1906	Reveille in Washington	No vote
HELEN BOWER, *Detroit Free Press*	Storm	Young Man of Caracas	Reveille in Washington	The Dust Which Is God
CHARLES A. WAGNER, *N. Y. Mirror*	Bread and a Stone	Crusader in Crinoline	Reveille in Washington	Poems by Ridgely Torrence
HAROLD D. CAREW, *Pasadena Star-News*	Between Two Worlds	William Henry Welch: The Heroic Age of American Medicine	Secret History of the American Revolution	The Song of Jed Smith (Cycle of the West)
STERLING NORTH, *Chicago Daily News*	No vote	The Doctors Mayo	Secret History of the American Revolution	No vote
J. C. GREY, *The New York Sun*	The Last Frontier	Secret History of the American Revolution	A Generation of Materialism	The Poem of Bunker Hill
ALBERT GOLDSTEIN, *New Orleans Times-Picayune*	In This Our Life	Lanterns on the Levee	Louisiana Hayride	No vote
BURTON RASCOE, *The Chicago Sun*	The Hills Beyond	The Doctors Mayo	The Continental Congress	No vote
FANNY BUTCHER, *The Chicago Tribune*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	The Astors	Reveille in Washington	The Dust Which Is God
W. M. REDDIG, *Kansas City Star*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	Clarence Darrow: For the Defense	Reveille in Washington	The Airmen
ARCHIBALD B. SHEPPERSON, *Virginia Quarterly Review*	In This Our Life	Edgar Allan Poe	No vote	No vote
WINFIELD T. SCOTT, *Providence Journal (R. I.)*	The Last Tycoon	Let Us Now Praise Famous Men	Secret History of the American Revolution	Poems: 1930-1940 Horace Gregory
DAVID H. APPEL, *The Cleveland News*	Windswept	William Henry Welch: The Heroic Age of American Medicine	Reveille in Washington	Collected Sonnets, Edna St. Vincent Millay
JAY LEWIS, *Norfolk Ledger Dispatch*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	Anthony Wayne: Trouble Shooter of the American Revolution	Secret History of the American Revolution	No vote
ROBERT BARLOW, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette; Toledo Blade*	Delilah	Lanterns on the Levee	Reveille in Washington	No vote
MARY THOMAS MILLER, *San Francisco Argonaut*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	Berlin Diary	Reveille in Washington	The White Cliffs
HARRY HANSEN, *World-Telegram*	Darkness at Noon	Crusader in Crinoline	Secret History of the American Revolution	Collected Poems of Lew Sarett
MARK S. WATSON, *The Sun, Baltimore*	H. M. Pulham, Esq.	William Henry Welch: The Heroic Age of American Medicine	Secret History of the American Revolution	Poems and New Poems by Louise Bogan

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The Inept Revolution

THE LOST PEACE. By Harold Butler. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1942. 246 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by FRANK KINGDON

THIS is an urbane book. It is also a tragic one. It presents the picture of Europe's decadence as seen through the eyes of an intelligent international civil servant. The urbanity is in the observer, the tragedy in the scene. The effect upon the reader is the heightening of the sense of tragedy by the very restraint of the author. He speaks with the rather sad realism of a man who has seen the world and suffered its cynicism, but who has not lost his almost biological confidence in the resiliency of human nature. He records travel as experiences with men and women, and cosmopolitanism as the discovery that people still have an invincible will to live.

Harold Butler was in the International Labor Office, as deputy Director and then Director, from 1920 to 1938. He saw the great of the earth in action in Geneva, and was not overly impressed; he saw the people of the earth at work as he travelled widely through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and was reassured. He has faith enough left to envisage a working human society.

His tendency to understatement may make his book seem at first less profound than it really is. He writes as one whose political duties forced him to confront events with a sense of responsibility, not as a journalist; and so, in a unique way, he takes us inside what was going on. In the collapse of the League and the continuing usefulness of the International Labor Office he sees evidence that Geneva could find no formula of coöperation for politics but could for economics; if Versailles had attempted to give Europe a workable economy the political history of the last ten years might have been different; moreover, on the political side, he sees another demonstration of the historic fact that mediatorial efforts without force behind them are ineffective. He portrays France with a loving hand but shows us a country betrayed by its historic divisions, infected with the virus of greed in high places, and dubious of its own destiny; to assure its future we have to liberate not only France but also to liberate the French spirit. "The riddle of Europe," he writes, "is the riddle of Germany." That it is still a riddle to him he plainly confesses. It is the nation we do not understand, the people who have never been spiritually free, but always slaves of the national myth; however, the enigma is here and a part of our world, confronting us with the question nobody has yet fully answered: what shall we do with Germany in any plan for the world?

He approaches nearer to the perplexity that colors most of his book, however, when he discusses Austria which he describes as a symbol of our failure to reconcile political and economic realities. He states with clarity the thesis that underlying all our difficulties is the dislocation produced by political arrangements—particularly national boundaries, tariffs, and territorial rivalries—which check the free play of economic forces and so are continually creating new centers of discontent and envy. Political independence must be economically workable or it will defeat itself; yet at the same time no economic plan will work that outrages the demand of peoples for political nationalism. Politics and economics must be as clearly integrated in organization as they are mutually interdependent in fact. This is the predominant lesson out of Geneva.

Mr. Butler presents us with a portrayal of a world in revolution economically, politically, and militarily which has not been able to compass the meaning of its revolutionary experiences. In one aspect, the author interprets this failure as a study in moral decay; in another, as a display of political ineptitude. In his conclusions, however, he calls for democracy to find both a motive and a machinery adequate to give a dynamic, not dogmatic, direction to the forces molding the new order. He proposes that the United States and Great Britain take the lead, with Russia as a potential collaborator. He does not consider Federal Union as possible in practical politics, but suggests a less ambitious kind of coöperation. His proposals are stimulating but it still remains for somebody to define how Anglo-American direction of the post-war world is to be protected against imperialism, and how any kind of regional or world organization is to deal with the principle of sovereignty in individual states, among them, and within any international body that is to have authority over them.

—*From "The New Order," by Arthur Szyk.*

Playmates

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 420)

THOMAS HARDY:
ON A FINE MORNING

Whence comes Solace? Not from seeing
What is doing, suffering, being;
Not from noting Life's conditions,
Not from heeding Time's monitions;
But in cleaving to the Dream,
And in gazing at the Gleam
Whereby gray things golden seem.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Victory Books

SIR:—Letters from your readers about the Victory Book Campaign interest us greatly, although we cannot quite understand why some of the writers use the word "failure" in connection with this effort to gather ten million volumes for our armed forces from the homes of the land. We wonder if they know that in less than three months of solicitation, approximately 6,600,000 books have been collected. Of these in the neighborhood of 3,450,000 have been reported as suitable for the armed forces, and have been—or are in the process of being—sorted and shipped; that already over 2,270,000 volumes have actually been distributed and are in use in camps, on ships, in USO clubs, and at many other points, as dozens of enthusiastic, thankful letters prove. Of course, many of the books collected are not suitable for Army and Navy men—evidently it is not in human nature to do the necessary sorting and selecting *before* giving books instead of requiring it of public spirited citizens and librarians (they *volunteered* their time, remember) part of whose labors would have been saved if donors had heeded the Campaign slogan, "Give the Books You'd Like to Keep!"

The Campaign has been generally successful in terms of the size of the Army and Navy for which we began our collection of books and to which the people of the United States have contributed so generously. If we all, however, are to serve our rapidly expanding military forces, we will have to continue collecting and giving until the last gun has been fired, until the last vestige of fascist aggression has been wiped out, and until the last disturbing element of peace to the world has been eliminated.

JOHN M. CONNOR.
Director.
Empire State Building,
New York, N. Y.

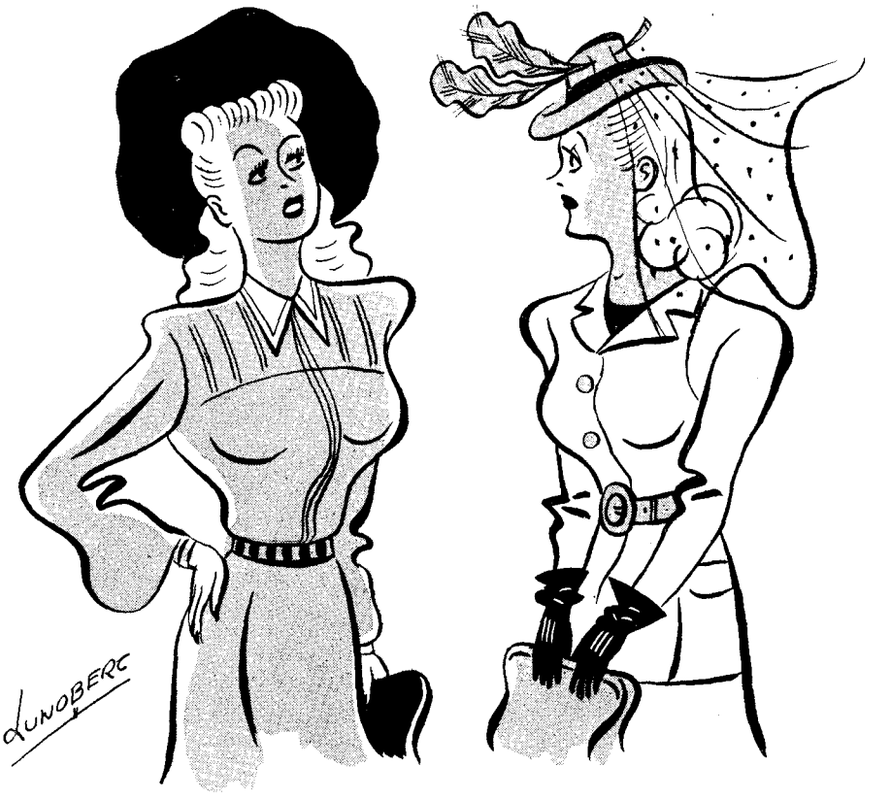
George Ripley

SIR:—I am preparing biographical material on George and Sophia Ripley. George Ripley, a Unitarian minister of Boston, Mass., was the founder of Brook Farm, and later the literary editor of the New York *Tribune*. His first wife, Sophia Willard Dana, of Cambridge, Mass., actively engaged in social service work in New York City from 1849 until her death in 1861. The second Mrs. Ripley, Louisa A. Schlossberger, became Mrs. Pinede several years after the death of George Ripley in 1880.

Among their friends were Emerson, Hawthorne, Albert Brisbane, Horace Greeley, Marcus Spring, George Bancroft, Charles A. Dana, Bayard Taylor, George William and Burrill Curtis, Whitelaw Reid, Theodore Parker, and Richard Hildreth. I am anxious to trace letters of, or relating to the Ripleys, and would welcome suggestions concerning sources of information.

Materials entrusted to me will be given the best of care, and any expense such as transporting, or having copies made, will be met. Credit will be given to the owner of such materials.

LISETTE RIGGS.
1910 S Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.



"He says he belongs to the Book-of-the-Month Club. Next week I'm going to ask him to take me there for dinner."

Cornish Litany

SIR:—The text of the excerpt from the Cornish litany, as it appears on an illuminated desk card in my possession, is as follows:

From ghasties and ghoulies
and lang-leggity beasties
and things that go bump in
the night gude Lord deliver
us!

This answers the request of Frances Reynolds.

CHARLOTTE H. ADAMS.
New York City

Folk Gestures

SIR:—I have a collection of some 600 folk gestures, *i.e.*, those which designate a meaning specifically, such as nodding the head, shaking hands or kissing in greeting, thumbing the nose in derision, *etc.* I have collected them from returned tobacco-buyers, missionaries, Harlem soothsayers, books on folklore, and so on.

I would be particularly grateful to anyone who sends me any gestures from literary sources. The very finest one I've found anywhere, I believe, is from Dante's "Inferno," where Vanni Fucci the thief is cast into hell, without hope of salvation in all eternity; he turns his face toward heaven to shout utter contempt for the Creator, and running out of words, raises not the usual one hand, but both hands, to heaven and makes the gross "sign of the fig." Gestures out of Greek and Hebrew literature will be particularly valuable for the gesture collection which I propose to publish, because so much of what we have today (including gestures) came from those two great sources.

FRANCIS HAYES.
Guilford College,
North Carolina

American Churchill

SIR:—I am preparing a biography of Winston Churchill, author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," etc. If any readers of the *SRL* have letters by Mr. Churchill I should be grateful for an opportunity to copy them. Letters entrusted to me will be returned by registered mail. If owners prefer to send me copies instead of the originals, I should be equally grateful.

GEORGE WEIDA SPOHN.
St. Olaf College
Northfield, Minn.

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Aunt Chloe's Reward

EDWARD C. ASWELL

The origin of this story has long been a mystery to me. Some years ago, when I was assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, *the tale, substantially as I have told it here, turned up over and over again among the manuscripts submitted for publication. It came from all parts of the country. The details varied, but it was always essentially the same. And the most puzzling thing about it was that every person who sent it in represented it as a true story of something that had happened in his own family.*

OLD Aunt Chloe was the kind of faithful and utterly devoted Negro servant whose breed has, alas, become extinct. Black as midnight and of an age that seemed timeless—not even she herself knew exactly how old she was—her jovial nature shone in the polished ebony of her fat and gleaming face; and when she was moved to laughter, as she was on the slightest provocation, her heavy frame would rock with gargantuan tremors.

But she was a stern disciplinarian, never hesitating to call any member of the family to account for his transgressions, and she had brought up three generations of the Carter family in a wholesome respect for her temper and tongue. Even old Mr. Carter himself stood somewhat in awe of her. To all the Carters she was a member of the family. She belonged to them. But to Aunt Chloe it was the other way around—they were *her* family.

When the last generation of Carter children had grown up and her duties as nurse were ended, Aunt Chloe had gradually shifted her activities to the running of the household, and she ran it like clock-work. No one ever had to tell her what to do. She saw what needed to be done before anybody else did, and it was her chief pride that no other house in town was so beautifully ordered, so spotlessly maintained. The welfare of the Carters was, and always had been, her whole life. She had no other interest.

As has happened to many another faithful soul before and since, Aunt Chloe was taken for granted. She had for so many years spent herself in serving the Carters, and they were in consequence so very comfortable themselves, they hardly ever gave a thought to her comfort. Of course she was well paid for her services, but what she did with her money nobody knew. She had no known relatives, she rarely went out any more, and all simple needs were provided for within the Carter household. Every week when she received her pay she would carefully fold the bills and put them in the pocket of her apron, and that seemed to be the end of them.

The fact that her personal welfare had been neglected was brought home shockingly one morning to young Mrs. Carter when, visiting the attic on some errand, she paused before Aunt Chloe's door and, out of mild curiosity, opened it. Not for years had any member of the family been in that room. It was Aunt Chloe's sanctum, and by tacit consent the family had always kept out of it. So the sight of its bareness, its ugliness, its poverty, and its exquisite discomfort, overwhelmed young Mrs. Carter and filled her with an acute sense of guilt.

The room was in a corner of the attic where the eaves sloped down, and the pitch of the roof made it seem smaller than it actually was. The walls had been plastered but never painted, and now they were yellow with the stains of time. In places the plaster had cracked away to the lathes, and the holes were stuffed with old newspapers. The floor was bare. Against one wall stood an ancient bureau with a cracked marble top, and over it a mirror so mottled and disfigured that it had ceased to serve any practical purpose. There was a decrepit straight-backed chair, and in the corner under the eaves stood, or rather leaned, a bed—such a bed as the Masters of the Inquisition could not have improved upon for its obvious possibilities of torture. The rusty springs had long since given up the unequal struggle with Aunt Chloe's massive bulk and sagged in the middle till they almost touched the floor. The mattress was of straw that crackled loudly at the slightest touch, and was full of lumps and ridges; in the center it was hollowed out like a bathtub, and bore in reverse a faithful replica of Aunt Chloe's plump contours.

There were no other furnishings at all. The little that the room contained had obviously been junk when it had first been assembled, and since Aunt Chloe had never complained, had never asked for anything for herself, no one had ever done anything about it. Well, it was high time to do something about it now, thought young Mrs. Carter; and forthwith a bright plan formed in her mind.

It was only after considerable coaxing that Aunt Chloe was persuaded to take a brief vacation with full pay. As soon as she was out of the house the junkman came and took away some of the derelict furniture; much of it was useless even to him, so it was carried out to the back yard and burned. Then the painters came and did a thorough job on the room. A gayly flowered carpet was put down; bright chintz curtains were hung; new furniture arrived. There was a spacious dresser with a broad mirror, a large easy chair, and beside it a table with a reading lamp and a radio. Best of all was the new bed, equipped with the finest box springs and such a mattress as a queen might envy.

At last all was in readiness for Aunt Chloe's return. Young Mrs. Carter welcomed her with the news that they had a big surprise for her, and the whole family trooped upstairs with her. Aunt Chloe, her face beaming, opened the door and started to go in, but when she saw the transformation she stopped in her tracks. Her face went blank with the sudden uprush of powerful emotions.

Then suddenly Aunt Chloe uttered a scream and dashed to the new bed, yanking back the covers. For a moment she stood transfixed, then she began to moan softly to herself. Finally she turned on young Mrs. Carter and with blazing eyes demanded to have her old bed back again.

Mrs. Carter thought the old woman had become momentarily unbalanced by the unexpected change in the room she had lived in so long, and tried to sooth her. But it was no good. Then, of course, the truth came out.

The old straw mattress, which had been burned, was the hiding place for all of Aunt Chloe's life savings.

—*James Lowe Allen.*

Aunty, by John Wesley Hardrich.

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"VIENNA, GERMANY"

(*Continued from page* 4)

Hitler's rise to power, drove out their "enemies," Jews and "Marxists," with iron clubs and knives—while the police, forbidden to enter the University grounds, calmly watched these tragic incidents from the street.

And yet in a sense the years of the Austrian Republic were years of heroism and grandeur. Regrettably no outstanding writer has ever undertaken the task of describing the unique work of reconstruction accomplished by Vienna's Social Democratic government (which remained in power until February, 1934, even though most of the provinces had gradually become a playground of the reaction and clerico-Fascism).

Strangely enough there was much cultural life in republican Austria, despite an economic depression which during the first years after the war, would have completely starved out perhaps a third of the Austrian population without help from abroad, coming chiefly from the United States. The Philharmonic Orchestra under Franz Schalk survived the war and won new friends for Austria all over the world. The Burgtheater maintained its noble traditions of classic interpretation, while Max Reinhardt's Theater in der Josephstadt and the Deutsche Folkstheater presented modern drama. One sensational achievement was the instituting of the Salzburg Festivals, which drew thousands of connoisseurs and snobs every summer. Performances of such typical Austrian works as Beethoven's *Fidelio,* Mozart's *Magic Flute,* Richard Strauss's *Rosenkavalier,* or Hofmannsthal's mystery plays (*Jedermann* and *Das grosse Weltheater*) are unforgettable. These festivals were made immortal by such names as Lotte Lehmann, the basso Richard Mayr (the *Ochs von Lerchenau*), Alexander Moissi, the architect Strand, Max Reinhardt, Arturo Toscanini, and Bruno Walter.

Austria is generally known as the home of the operettas. But it also gave birth to such pioneers of modern music as Schoenberg, Krenek, and Korngold. At least two leading expressionists were Austrians: Egon Schiele and Oscar Kokoschka (admired abroad more than at home). A number of excellent writers developed in the misery-stricken young republic. Alphons Petzold and Joseph Luitpold wrote *Arbeiterdichtung* that was more humane than Marxist. Franz Werfel, who had emerged as a poet during the war, created endless variations on a single theme, the redemption of man through brotherly love. There was the grim satirist and foe of pseudo-art,

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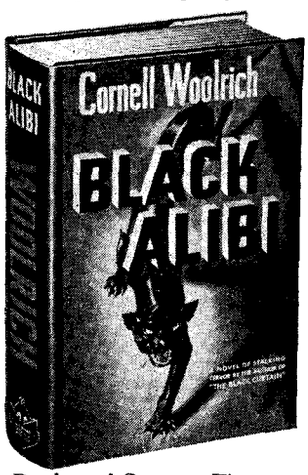
When CORNELL WOOLRICH was nine years old he saw a black jaguar on a South American coffee plantation. He never forgot it. In fact, he brooded about it. Last year he decided he'd better pass the haunt along and so he wrote *Black Alibi*. Take a look at the jacket reproduced below. The artist, suffering from shock and severe chills, drew it ten minutes after he finished reading the manuscript. That'll give you some idea.



Readers of CORNELL WOOLRICH'S two previous hair-whitening novels—*The Bride Wore Black* and *The Black Curtain*—will know that he was just the man for the job. A ferocious beast loose in the city; a series of brutal horrifying murders; the rising hysteria of fear; and then one hard-headed citizen who doubted the black alibi and set out to find a human murderer. What WOOLRICH can do with this kind of a theme shouldn't happen to a jaguar.

Of *The Bride Wore Black*, *Newsweek* wrote: "A brilliant tour de force."

Of *The Black Curtain*, *The New York World-Telegram* wrote: "Right out of the top drawer for writing, thrills and suspense."

Of the author, JOHN KOBLER wrote: "Not even HAMMETT can distill a purer concentrate of horror and suspense than CORNELL WOOLRICH."

Of *Black Alibi*, just published, *The Gory Gazette* says — with editorial restraint—"Read it."

BLACK ALIBI
by Cornell Woolrich
AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY • PRICE $2.00

Karl Kraus, the special dramatist, Anton Wildgans, the author of Catholic verse-plays, Max Mell—to mention only a few. Then there were the *Heimatdichter* —, writers from the provinces who concerned themselves with rustic themes and later found favor at the expense of the others, with the clerical regime of Dr. Dollfuss. And finally, we should mention a book that belongs, strictly speaking, to the sphere of politics but has become part of Austrian literature—the last chancellor's autobiography, "My Austria," presenting hapless Dr. Schuschnigg as educated, art-loving *Schoengeist*—the precise opposite to the creator of "Mein Kampf."

When such brilliant reporters as Fodor, Gedye, and Gunther told the thrilling story of Austria's collapse, they were not silent on the terrible blunders of the semi-Fascist regime of Dr. Dollfuss, who crushed the Social Democrats instead of uniting with them against the Brown Plague, thus making it impossible for his successor, the more moderate Dr. Schuschnigg, to come to terms with the Socialist opposition within Austria. But after that disastrous March, 1938, Austria disappeared not only from the newspaper headlines but also from the memories of the democratic nations. It is only too true that there is little left of what was characteristic of Austria—even her landscape is deteriorating as a result of the rapid destruction of her woods. The exodus of artists and scholars has been tremendous, though of course a number of fine men and women who could not save themselves in time committed suicide or died in prisons and concentration camps. Though the Nazis tried to make the world believe that they could dispense with "Jewish" and "liberal" artists and singers, the Salzburg Festivals of the summer of 1938, were a flop. Nazi officials and homely German *Hausfrauen* might be forced to attend performances of Pan-German Richard Wagner (who replaced Mozart)—but wealthy foreigners were not to be persuaded to spend their vacations in Nazified Austria.

And who were the writers who were to attempt to fill the vacant places of Werfel and Zweig, Beer-Hofmann, Czokor and Kramer, who had all gone into exile; who were to fill the place of the great writers who had died earlier and been spared the frightful spectacle to come—Hofmannsthal, Wildgans, Karl Kraus, and Jacob Wassermann? A handful of fairly gifted Austrian writers, most of them from the provinces rather than from Vienna, joined the Nazi party out of enthusiasm, am-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
WHO'S CALLING? *Helen McCloy* (Morrow: $2.)	Sybaritic and unsavory relative of nervously unsettled Maryland clan wolfs strychnine-dosed *chocolats liqueurs*. Forensic psychiatrist Basil Willing solves fantastic case.	Poltergeists, blackmail, telepathy, and abnormal psychology play engrossing parts in expertly written and blood-chilling affair—although explanation labors slightly.	Among the best
POISON IS A BITTER BREW *Anne Hocking* (Crime Club: $2.)	Poisoned draughts eliminate two heirs to English fortune. Persistent Scotland Yarder's investigation brings harrowing results.	Superior writing, excellent characterizations, and deceptively transparent plot that leaves reader nicely out on limb before all is made clear.	Better grade
MIDSUMMER'S NIGHTS MURDER *Lee Crosby* (Dutton: $2.)	Poison and garden-shears dispose of Conn. chatelaine and handyman. Girl guest and handsome state cop sleuth successfully.	Clever murder method, romantic contretemps, some highly flavorsome characters, and shivery climax on roller-coaster.	Suspenseful
ORIENTAL DIVISION G-2 *Van Wyck Mason* (Reynal & Hitchcock: $2.50)	Omnibus volume of reasonably recent Hugh North espionage-adventure yarns.	"Sulu Sea Murders," "Fort Terror Murders," and "Shanghai Bund Murders." Full meal for thrill-hounds.	Bargain
BEAUTY SLEEP *Ruth Darby* (Crime Club: $2.)	One Long Island matron dies in beauty parlor. Another fatally slugged. Peter and Janet Barron snare clever killer.	Unusual murder method—which takes a lot of believing—sundry pungent suburban peccadillos, and engaging pair of detectives.	Average

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bition, or for other and individual reasons. Among them were such considerable figures as Egmont Colerus, Bruno Brehm, Guido Kolbenheyer, and Richard Billinger. But these were men past fifty who had all but written themselves dry. The Nazis, who had accused the former government of suppression of all "national" culture, were unable to discover any neglected Austro-Nazi talent themselves.

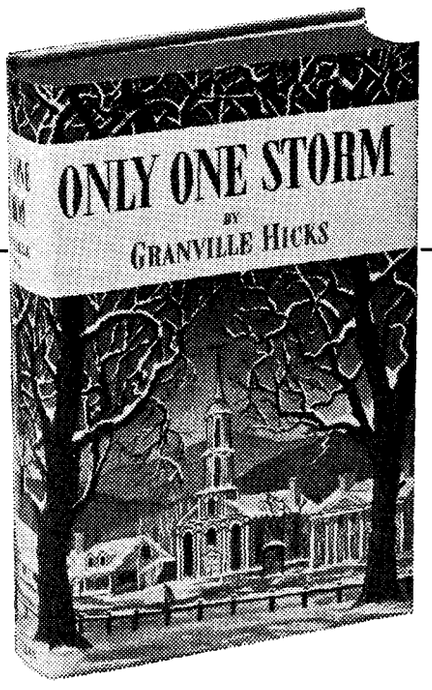
The reason is clear to any objective mind. *Ostmark,* resounding with the trample of the jackboots of stormtroopers is not the old Austria—it must necessarily be sterile. A prophecy of the poet Hofmannsthal has been fulfilled: many years ago he concluded a speech on Austria As Mirrored in Her Poetry with the words: "Without a breath of spiritual universalism a future Austria can neither be wished for nor believed in." Equally true is what Thomas Mann wrote in his pamphlet, "This Peace": "Austria never belonged to Germany; you might even say that Germany belonged to Austria." Of Austria's two faces the pleasing has been covered with mud by the victorious Prussians. Rude chauvinism and cultural self-sufficiency are, however, opposed to the true spirit of Austria. "Racial purity" is perfect nonsense in a country where the majority of the population is hopelessly impure, a mixture of Czech, Hungarian, Jewish, Italian, and Croat blood. As for the "purely Germanic" rural population, it belongs, according to Hans Guenther, apostle of race, to the "inferior" Alpine and Dinaric groups rather than to the Teutonic race.

Is Austria dead? I cannot forget that ghastly episode in my life when, in the summer of 1938, teen-age stormtroopers forced me and other "non-Aryans" by physical violence to scrub the Schuschnigg propaganda off the pavement, while scores of *gemütliche Wiener* cheerfully laughed at the spectacle (there was a rabbi and an elderly white-coated physician among us). That was not true, it was just a dreadful nightmare, wasn't it? Or was that foreign correspondent right after all, the one who had infuriated me by telling me he did not take Viennese charm entirely at face value? Was it possible that this city I loved so dearly had turned in truth into a smiling face without a soul during those past few years under a semi-Fascist regimé?

It is not my desire to condemn the country of my birth flatly. Nobody can deny that it held a key position in European culture and art from the days of the *Minnesaenger* to the moment when the last chancellor made his moving farewell address on the air. But is the genius of this country likely to come back to life when its soul has suffered a mortal wound? What can the exiled writer do but mourn with Franz Hoellering the tragic fate of the courageous "Defenders" of Socialist Vienna or lament with Franz Werfel the death of Catholic Austria ("Embezzled Heaven")?

I may comfort myself with the belief that Austrian culture cannot be crushed, that the spirit of universalism is still preserved by Austria's exiles living in the democratic countries. Of course the works of the great Austrian poets, from Grillparzer to Hofmannthal, are still read and beloved the world over, as is Austrian music. Austrian scholars, doctors, and craftsmen are enriching the democratic world with their contributions (which they are forbidden to publish in their native country), showing an astonished world that old Austria had more to give us than a few operettas, let us say, and the invention of *Wiener Schnitzel.*

The Austrian renegade is in control of his country (and fifteen others besides); he keeps on barking that the *Oesterreichische Mensch* was only a fiction created by Jews, Catholics, and Freemasons, that there never did exist a genuine Austrian literature, a peculiar Austrian spirit, and so forth. There is none within the borders of his realm who dares to contradict him. Only in free America can his lies be challenged—only here can it be said aloud that though the cantilena that was Austria is ended, surely it is worthy to be remembered, as are the divine musicians who played it for an admiring world.



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"I doubt that anyone has written a book even comparable to this last chapter alone." —LOS ANGELES JOURNAL

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America in the Ocean of Destiny

AMERICA IN THE NEW PACIFIC. By George E. Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1942. 160 *pp., with index.* $1.75.

OUR ENEMY JAPAN. By Wilfrid Fleisher. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1942. 236 *pp., with appendix.* $2.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

BACK in 1938 and 1939, we on the editorial staff of the *China Press* were all admirers of George Taylor. When the back issues of the *Manchester Guardian* reached Shanghai, we scoured through the pages for his reports on China. The stories were two and three months old, but there was depth and solidity to them which survived the buffeting of time. We read them ("studied" would be a better word), showed them to visitors, and reprinted them on the editorial page.

It is a rare pleasure, therefore, to come across his new book, written with his former skill and penetration. Most of the works on the Orient are reporters' books. They picture men and events, without attempting to dig too deep into their portent and meaning. George Taylor is more than a reporter; he breaks up the events into their economic and political components, and puts them into their places on the wide canvas of history.

The theme of Taylor's book is that for the past decade the United States has been holding on to hopelessly outdated concepts, oblivious of the tremendous changes in the scene. And some of these changes—such as China's unification or the growth of fascism in Japan—inescapably led to war. The United States, he notes, anticipated the conflict, but miserably failed to gauge Japan's aims and psychology. We expected the war to break out in Siberia or Thailand, and were prepared to enter it at our own time and place. For this miscalculation, we paid a tragic price at Pearl Harbor.

Taylor is refreshingly frank in analyzing the course of the current war. Japan, he emphasizes, has every advantage and is gambling for high stakes. She is fighting as a unit, cemented by a messianic complex whose strength cannot be ignored. She has a thoroughly regimented State and "can integrate her economy, her colonies, her last blade of grass into a disciplined striking force." To defeat her, Taylor stresses, a national transformation is necessary in this country. "To solve the problems which the new Pacific has brought to a head," he says, "will require the same national purpose, the same integration of economic effort, the same belief in the future of the country that Japan has—but for very different purposes."

Taylor emphasizes the need for a new, well-considered American policy for Asia. Japan, he declares, can be defeated without the aid—and even with the opposition—of the billion Asiatics. But it would be "a costly, lengthy, and dreary task." The other course, he points out, "is to enlist the good will and coöperation of Asiatic peoples against Japan, to pay the price that will be demanded, and, if necessary, compel our allies to do the same." The desire of Asiatic peoples for independence must be met whenever possible, he holds. Their economic standards must be raised. Finally, once Asia's labor power and raw materials are liberated from Japan, every effort must be made to keep them out of other hands. He says:

> We cannot allow Japan to rule them, we cannot conquer and police them ourselves, we can only hope to help them now in such a way that their future will be adjusted to ours.

It is a careful, unbiased, and masterly analysis that George Taylor presents in his book. If one *must* find fault, it is that he has covered too much ground in too little space; but even with all its gaps the book is a valuable contribution to an understanding of our stakes and role in the Pacific. One only hopes that Taylor will now go to work on a fat, comprehensive volume that will embrace, apart from the issues he now discusses, such vital questions as the position of China and Japan in the postwar Pacific, America's part in the remolding of Asia, and the new balance of power in the Orient.

Mr. Fleisher's book is of a different variety. Apparently intended to be a handbook on Japan, it devotes forty-three pages to Japan's history from Perry to Pearl Harbor, and sixty-four pages to an appendix, including the President's message to Congress and the notes exchanged by Japan and the United States. The balance includes mainly two very good chapters on the Japanese Army and Navy and interesting sketches of Premier Tojo and two or three other militarists.

Unfortunately, the book includes—with scarcely a word altered—entire sections from Fleisher's earlier "Volcanic Isle." This reviewer found the latter extremely interesting when it appeared last year, but the task of looking for a few fresh plums in what essentially is an old pudding is not happy. The publishers would have done much better had they re-issued the admirable "Volcanic Isle," with the addition of the little fresh material of "Our Enemy Japan."

THE LITERARY PULSE . . .

Next Week:

POETRY ISSUE
Edited by William Rose Benét

THE SATURDAY REVIEW of LITERATURE
25 West 45th Street, New York City

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ADDRESS_____

Scores of nationally-known authors have volunteered their services to the 1942 War Fund Campaign of United Service Organizations in writing magazine articles about USO and its work for publication in the country's outstanding periodicals. Included in the long list of writers now obtaining or writing articles are Somerset Maugham, Fannie Hurst, Edna Ferber, Louis Bromfield, Stephen Vincent Benét, Katherine Brush, Aldous Huxley, Helena Pringle, Nancy Hale, Anita Loos, Will Irwin, Moss Hart, Robert Benchley, Mrs. Sophie Kerr Underwood, Bernard De Voto, William Shirer, Margaret Culkin Banning, Stanley High, Faith Baldwin, and John Farrar.

Chairman of the Writer's Committee is Henry Seidel Canby. Members include Sophie Kerr Underwood, John Farrar, Stephen Vincent Benét, Mrs. Carol Hill, Miss Amy Loveman, and Courtenay Savage.

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Life on Stilts

THE HOUSE IN THE RAIN FOREST. By Charis Crockett. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1942. 300 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

HERE is a delightful book, infectiously humorous, shiveringly adventurous, and crammed with little known facts about the cannibalistic inhabitants of New Guinea, now being overrun by the Japs, who are not likely to find the going easy.

Charis Dennison's father had visited New Guinea and his hair-raising tales of cannibals developed in her an insatiable longing to go to this little explored island. Charis grew up to take a degree in Anthropology at Radcliffe, *magna cum laude,* and "I made such a nuisance of myself that everyone, Fate included, decided the simplest solution would be to grant my wish." Her "Fate" was a newly-married husband, Freddy Crockett, who agreed to go to New Guinea as the expedition's photographer to "balance his two years in the Antarctic under Admiral Byrd with an equal length of time in the tropics."

Backed by the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, the newly-wedded Crocketts, left Gloucester, Mass., in the *Chiva,* a 50-foot schooner, and headed for Netherlands New Guinea. With them were five other venturesome Americans. *That* was a voyage, but the Crocketts reached Sainke Doek, in the New Guinea Rain Forest, with their sense of humor intact.

There were no housekeeping problems in "The House in the Rain Forest." It was built on five-foot stilts, as also was the furniture, which stuck through the sieve-like floor, and every morning black, pot-bellied urchins would scavenge the open-air basement for fallen treasures—everything from toothbrushes to fish hooks—which they were permitted to keep as a reward for good behavior and to maintain good will. When the roof leaked, a new palm branch was laid over the hole. Eating was equally simple: coffee and toast for breakfast; corned beef and rice for lunch; soup and either canned peaches or pears for supper. They enjoyed privacy only at mealtime and after dark; at other times their lives belonged to the insatiably curious natives, who never tired staring through the holes in "The House in the Rain Forest."

The veranda was hung with orchids and an imposing ornithological collection, gathered by Freddy to offset Charis's affinity for wild animals. Freddy had Aveco, a large, white, gold-crested cockatoo with a fondness for buttons of all kinds; Yacok and Miss Wilberforce, two brilliantly colored lorys; The Dutchess, an amiable red-and-orange parrot with one bad foot; and Sanky, a very young and very fresh green parrot, which never actually ate much butter, but loved to wade and play in it, stamping her little footprints up and down and excavating holes with her beak.

Charis could only claim Rebo—"Malay for Wednesday"—for her very own, but that was more than enough. Rebo was a tree-kangaroo—"small enough to curl up in the palm of my hand," but as lively as a family of monkeys and "ridiculously ferocious" toward everyone except her mistress. Rebo had the disconcerting habit of sleeping all day and wanting attention all night, about which this reviewer can speak with feeling because his household includes a night-prowling equally pestiferous Sahara-desert *fennec.*

Somehow, Mrs. Crockett found time to measure several hundred filthy natives and thereby make some important contribution to scientific knowledge. There were hardships attached to her work, and when she returned to civilization she was, to use her own words, "mildewed." Nevertheless, she will always have a soft spot in her heart for "The House in the Rain Forest"—and so will you.

"Open-minded and scholarly, RICHARD ALDRICH'S comments form an enduring record."

says ROYAL CORTISSOZ in the *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"HIS vividness gives, furthermore, a stimulating immediacy to his notes on singers, instrumentalists and conductors, many of them now better known than they were in Aldrich's time.

"A welcome addition to the history of New York's musical activities. . . . He had . . . the equipment of an historian—the scholarship, the poise, the objectivity. . . . The tone of the reviews is one of an appreciation that is discriminating. . . . I quote these words in testimony to Aldrich's leading characteristic, his open-mindedness."—*RoyalCortissoz*

796 Pages • $5.00

CONCERT LIFE IN NEW YORK 1902 1923

by Richard Aldrich

PUTNAM'S

The Long View

During the past year the VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW has published these articles for men and women everywhere who "think through things." All of them dealt with the war, and all of them, while "timely" in interest, represented the long view sufficiently to reward rereading today. They are cited here as an evidence of editorial policy:

A Time for War
W. Y. Elliott

The Dilemma of Modern Democracy
Carl Becker

The Politicians Cried Peace
Herbert Agar

Ivory Towers Into Watchtowers
Alfred Vagts

Democratic Ends and Totalitarian Means
Max Lerner

A New Western World
Thomas Rourke

The Idea of a Federation
Denis de Rougemont

Perspective on Far Eastern Policy
A. Whitney Griswold

Profile of Mediterranean Strategy
Lawrence Fernsworth

After Imperialism—What?
Albert Viton

Toward American Morale
Albert Guérard

Planning the War for Peace
Helen Hill

French Democracy Underground
"Civilis"

IN THE SPRING ISSUE:

Peter F. Drucker says: "This war . . . has one issue, only one: the social and political order of the entirely new physical reality Western man has built up as his habitat since James Watt invented the steam engine almost two hundred years ago."

The Future of Industrial Man

Wilbur Schramm, newly appointed consultant on education in the Office of Facts and Figures, gives his views as to the part American colleges should play in the war.

The Campus Battalion

Gilbert Highet, in a mocking, satirical essay, ridicules the oratory of Hitler and other axis leaders, whose speeches have "the energy of mania and the authority of a nightmare."

Axis Prose

$1 TO *SRL* READERS, A 9-MONTHS INTRODUCTORY SUBSCRIPTION AT LESS THAN HALF-PRICE. SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH ONE DOLLAR TO:

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One West Range
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TRADE WINDS

HARRISON SMITH, the charming if absent-minded publisher of the *Saturday Review,* and the only man who ever mislaid six manuscripts simultaneously in the same desk, is also the sponsor of an informative volume called "The Jazz Record Book." Eager to learn what makes hepcats think, if any, I culled the pages of this book one night last week, and unearthed this gem, which describes a series of recordings by Louis Armstrong's Hot Five Group:

> Got Bucket orients the Hot Five collection, as, with appropriate jive talk, Louis introduces each player in turn as he takes his solo, the performance concluding in a typical New Orleans *jam ensemble.* Muskat, aside from the tremendous swing of its closing choruses, exhibits Ory's hard-hitting vamp or tailgate style at its best. Skid-dat, an unusually beautiful and rhapsodic improvisation, contains one of the earliest of Armstrong's scat vocals. He drives the ensemble with flaming intensity, sings a rich, throaty vocal, then knocks off several screwy breaks.

I guess I no spika da Englis! . . . Another jargon, far more picturesque and not so self-conscious as jive talk, is the special province of *Variety,* that encyclopedic theatrical weekly edited by Abel Green. *Variety's* famous headline of the 1929 crash ("Wall Street Lays an Egg") and its banner for a story telling how the farmers were rejecting pictures of small town life ("Stix Nix Hix Pix") were equalled, if not topped by the streamer for last week's description of the comparative failure of television in America. "Tele's Punctured Romance," it read. A meeting with Abel Green always produces at least one new expression to be cherished. His latest is "she's strictly an N. T. kid." N. T. means "no talent." It fits perfectly a couple of authors I know . . .

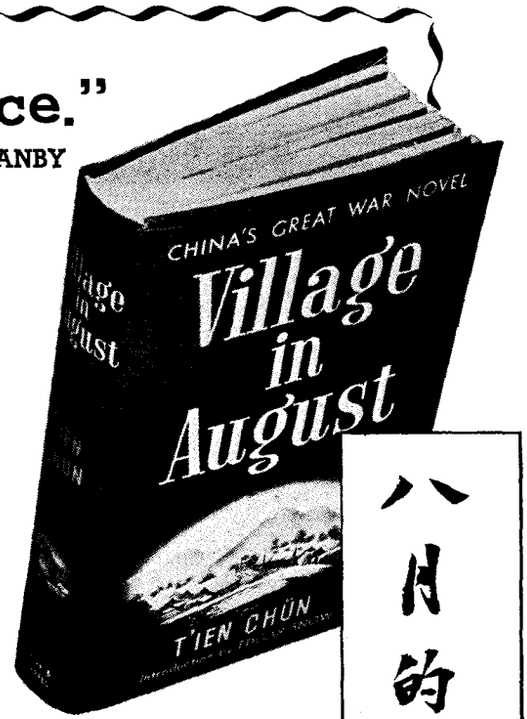
There is usually a chuckle or two hidden in the personal columns listed on another page of this magazine. Take, for instance, the plaintive ad inserted a few weeks ago by "A Yankee Collector":

> **"FOR BARTER OR SALE:** My gorgeous parrot, Micawber, a truly depraved bird, whose plumage and command of profanity are miracles. Physically I am allergic to Micawber—he fans my asthma—but psychically Micawber is a man's bird right down to his tail-feathers. Those with sensitive maiden aunts should not apply. What am I offered?"

He received so many inquiries that he could have sold an entire aviary! Speaking of parrots, I wonder if you have heard Irwin Edman's yarn of the crotchety old bachelor who saw a gaily plumed poll go under the hammer at a country auction, and suddenly decided that the bird might be good company for him on lonely evenings. The bidding grew unexpectedly stiff, but the bachelor was carried away by the spirit of the occasion, and before he quite realized what he had done, he bought the parrot for forty-nine dollars. He carried it home, and stood it on the table before him. "Now," he commanded, "Talk to me!" The parrot simply drew in his head and glared at him. "I said talk to me!" repeated the man. "After

"A Novel of Real Excellence."

—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY



Edgar Snow—"VILLAGE IN AUGUST has won a place in the company of *Les Miserables* and *Don Quixote* . . . It presents with strong integrity and sometimes Rabelaisian intimacy the people of China to whom we owe so much."

N. Y. Herald Tribune Books—"It has an impact all its own . . . rugged and earthy and close to dear life. Not merely a tale of men at war . . . a record of men and women who live close to the elements and always in terms of extremes—great hungers, great appetites, sudden death."

Saturday Review of Literature—"The book is like a rushing torrent . . . revealing the greatness of the fighting human soul. Not only the first contemporary Chinese novel translated into English, but one of the best translations of all Chinese literary work."

New Yorker—"It is sharp, passionate, convincing. An impressive piece of work."

八月的鄉邨

田軍

VILLAGE IN AUGUST

By the soldier-novelist T'IEN CHÜN

Introduction by EDGAR SNOW

☛ Second large printing before publication.

$2.50, SMITH & DURRELL, INC., 25 W. 45th ST., NEW YORK

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all, I bought you to keep me company!" Again the parrot glared but said nothing. "Good heavens," cried the exasperated gentleman. "Do you mean to say that after what I paid for you, you can't even *talk?*" "Can't even talk!" echoed the parrot; "who in hell do you think it was who bid you up to forty-nine dollars!"

It's as easy as this!

At New York's Grand Central Terminal just toss your bag to a porter and say "Hotel Roosevelt" . . . He'll escort you through our private passageway, direct to the Roosevelt lobby . . . Time-saving convenience and complete comfort . . . Satisfying meals . . . Attractive rooms with bath from $4.50.

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BERNAM G. HINES, *Managing Director*

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A BOOK FOR EVERY AMERICAN —THE STORY OF HIS COUNTRY'S EXPANSION

HOW WE ACQUIRED OUR NATIONAL TERRITORY

by Robert R. McCormick

Editor and Publisher, Chicago Tribune

This new book presents in chronological order the development of the United States from a handful of settlements scattered precariously along the Atlantic seaboard to its place as the mightiest republic of all history.

It throws new light upon a much neglected phase of our national history, and reveals many an unfamiliar fact in the shining pageant of American expansion.

ON SALE AT BOOKSTORES

PRICE, $1.50

MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES, in "I Too Have lived in Arcadia," claims that she has discovered the originator of the lending library. He was a gentleman named Cawthorne, librarian to the mother of Queen Victoria, and he set up his shop in Cockspur Street, London, over a hundred years ago at the very spot where the Cunard-White Star offices stand today . . . The first circulating library in America that I can remember was called the Tabard Inn. Its books were held in a revolving book rack at the corner drugstore and my mother used to wait patiently for the newest numbers by George Barr McCutcheon and Harold McGrath. I wonder what has happened to the Tabard Inn. I wonder what's happened to Mr. A. R. Womrath, for that matter . . .

Somerset Maugham's first full-length novel in three years is due on June 19th. It is called "The Hour before the Dawn," and is the story of an English landed family in wartime . . . Stephen Spender's new volume of poems, "Ruins and Visions," will be published in the Fall . . . Publishers are trying so frantically to dig up manuscripts on General MacArthur these days that they haven't had time to publish a new book about Vermont in almost three weeks . . . Backhanded compliment from a jealous rival: "Your column really is swell. How much longer are they going to let you run it?" . . .

By way of the *London Bookseller* comes a familiar story with a new twist. A publisher in Mainz issued a new edition of Grimm's Fairy Tales. Several days later he received the following communication from the official Nazi association of authors: "Your firm has published a work by the Brothers Grimm. These authors are not yet registered with our office, as required by law. We must request their addresses immediately, along with the information as to whether the Brothers Grimm are foreign citizens or German authors residing abroad. Heil Hitler!" . . .

Another story smuggled out of Germany concerns the Nazi mother who sent a pair of boots to her boy bogged down in the Russian muck. "Dear Mama," he wrote back appreciatively. "Thank you for the boots—they were delicious!"

BENNETT CERF.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Charles and Mary Lamb. 2. Dante Gabriel and Christina Rossetti. 3. Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe. 4. Hilaire Belloc and Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. 5. Klaus and Erika Mann. 6. Richard, John, and Patience Abbe. 7. Stephen Vincent, William Rose, and Laura Benét. 8. Osbert, Sacheverell, and Edith Sitwell. 9. Denis Mackail and Angela Thirkell. 10. Julian and Anne Green.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

THAR SHE BLOWS! Schooner "Lydia M. Webster" sailing each Monday, June 15th—September 19th, from Rockport, Maine to the Islands of Penobscot Bay for Whales and Buried Treasure. A week's vacation under sail—$34.00. Windjammer Cruises, Box L 57, Camden, Maine.

PAINTINGS CLEANED, repaired, conserved by museum expert. Highest type professional services at low seasonal rates. Box 905-E.

DIFFIDENT YOUNG MAN, small town, correspond with lively girl. Box 883-E.

LAMENT OF THE FIG TREE, 51 cents, stamps. Box 2-7-9.

"GAIETY ISN'T ANY LESS REAL for being high courage." If you are a man who understands, write Box 884-E.

SECRETARY, mature, gay witty scribbler, welcomes diverting correspondence, interesting part-time work, or else. Box 885-E.

TEACHER, of non-noxious esthetic inclination, beleagured by the insidious forces of education, seeks delightful deliverence through scintillating, hearty mail. Box 886-E.

MILLINER FROM PARIS will make you look O, so chic. To save time of busy New Yorkers, will call chez vous, return for fitting, deliver chapeau. For wartime thrift, can inexpensively clean, dye, remodel anew. Telephone Mlle. Lisa, AC. 2-4048 or write Box 887-E.

GOOD OLD-FASHIONED MAPLE SWEETS, Gallon Maple Syrup, $3; half-gallon, $1.75; quart, $1: Pure Maple Sugar, pound cake, 60 cents; four pound cakes, $2. Sent express collect. Forest Farms, Jamaica, Vermont.

I TELEPHONED the advertising department of the SRL today to inquire the rate for room advertising and was greeted with a note of surprise: "Why I thought the rooms at the Algonquin were always occupied 100 per cent." "That's just the trouble. Too many people think that—and that's what I want to correct. It is very flattering to have people think the hotel is always full. But as it isn't any thing like the truth, it butters no parsnips."

So I want to let your readers know that the Algonquin is a regular TRANSIENT hotel of considerable charm. I want to invite you readers who come to New York for a day, for two days, or for a longer visit, to live at the Algonquin. Single rooms are $3.00 a day, double rooms—separate beds $5.00 and quite luxurious suites, with sitting room, are $7.00 and $8.00 a day. All with bath of course.

FAMOUS RESTAURANT. The location of Hotel Algonquin is in West 44th Street between the Fifth Avenue shopping district and the Theatres. Pleasant walking distance of both. Frank Case.

WHEN ALGAE become gardenia trees—I too will metamorphose . . . may be beautiful . . . may be able to support myself. Need ideas to expedite the processes. Box 888-E.

PROKOSCHEAN GENTLEMAN would correspond with young lady who revels in Proust and poetry. Box 889-E.

ESSENTIALS OF POTTERY in ten lessons by mail. Your kitchen your studio, no expensive equipment necessary. Your teacher a widely known potter who believes that pottery can make you a happier and more useful person. Box 890-E.

(*Continued on next page*)

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TEACHER would welcome correspondence from gentlemen. Box 918-E.

HAVE YOU a surplus farmhouse? Impecunious mother would dicker for rental for duration. Box 919-E.

WHAT lass will write amiable, intelligent, winsome letters to alleviate the ennui of *pseudo-sophisticated college graduate.* Box 914-E.

ARE YOU LOOKING for a home? You will find same in Short Hills, New Jersey. Furnished in good taste, brook, trees, thirty minutes downtown New York. Share expenses, reasonable. Box 920-E.

MUSIC WANTED FOR LIGHT LYRICS. Box 922-E.

PROTESTANT Professional man, University trained, would welcome correspondence from intelligent girl with a sense of humor. Box 923-E.

ENGLISH JEWESS, interested in theatre, music, the out-doors, wishes correspondence with *mature man.* Box 924-E.

HOME ECONOMICS GRADUATE, '19, experienced dietitian, widow with two daughters school age, wishes opportunity to become self-supporting. Anywhere in United States. Box 925-E.

LARGE FURNISHED COTTAGE in Vermont's most attractive summer community for rent for season. Within short walking distance of village, lake and country club. Five bedrooms, two baths, maid's room and bath. Greensboro offers ideal summer for those who appreciate Vermont's beauty and the simplicity and charm of a highly civilized group of academic and professional people. Box 926-E.

WORK CAMP IN SOUTHWEST needs 15 boys and 15 girls of high school age to help with food production and rural rehabilitation program under direction of staff previously associated with scientific expeditions headquartering in Zuni Mountains in western New Mexico. Opportunity for embryo writer needing material about Navajo Indians, Archaeology, life zones. Expenses for 10 weeks approximately $300 including transportation. Hillis L. Howie, 182 West Tenth Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

"REASONABLY SUCCESSFUL ENGINEER." Mentally active, etc., would be delighted to attempt encouragement and incentive. Box 927-E.

AMATEUR farmerette seeks correspondence with *successful farmer* for agriculture advice. Box 928-E.

FRENCHWOMAN invites friendly correspondence with continental mature gentleman. Box 929-E.

YOUNG MAN, mentally dejected by the humdrum routine of every day life, seeks interesting and exciting correspondence from those of the opposite sex. Box 930-E.

ANTHONY ADVERSE welcomes correspondence with *authentic DOLORES* interested in old shrines, fine wine, dogs, hiking, horseback-riding, masquerade parties, tropical moonlight, huge open fireplaces, romping children—and picturesque cottages in secluded mountain villages. Remember the axe and the stone? Box 931-E.

YOUNG GIRL secretary with whom steady diet of city life does not agree would like summer work in New England near mountains or water. Salary: living expenses plus verdant surroundings. Box 932-E.

THIGGING (Scotch for begging) Raleigh Coupons for Victory. Box 907-E.

"SNOWBOUND" cultured gentlewoman, nostalgic for Dixie and its traditions, seeks *congenial correspondence with intelligent* mature unworldly gentleman. Box 908-E.

YOUNG WRITER wishes ideas and inspiration from feminine correspondents. Box 909-E.

JUNE, JULY, AUGUST—furnished charming old New Jersey farm house, modern conveniences, fireplaces, garden planted. 40 miles Manhattan. References. Box 910-E.

COUNTRY-FARM minded young lady, grounded in the city, tired of city-minded men, would like to correspond with intelligent out-of-door man. Box 911-E.

PERSONALS

SPEND THE SUMMER IN HEAVEN on the St. Lawrence River. Furnished cottages for rent. Lovely view, comfortable beds, electric refrigerators, boat, float, screened porches, privacy, garden spot. Box 912-E.

TEACHER OF ENGLISH is exceptionally well qualified to help adults write and speak more effectively. Moderate fee. References exchanged. Box 913-E.

EVERY SATURDAY a holiday for you. Five-day Secretary with lots of energy left will do your chores, read to Auntie, inspect the zoo with the children, or whatever etc. *suits you.* Box 915-E.

FOR RENT, unfurnished 2½ large cheerful rooms, kitchenette; private house, Chelsea. Opposite London Terrace. Especially good for 1 or 2 business, professional *women. $50. Phone evenings, Sunday.* Beggs, CHelsea 4-4557.

FOR SALE—SACRIFICE. Milton, **Paradise Lost.** London, 1669. First impression with 7th variant of title-page and six-line note. 12 mo. Morocco. ORTELIUS, **Theatrum Orbis Terrarum.** Antwerp, 1612. With PARERGON, 1624. Over 200 engraved maps and plates. Contemporary hand-coloring. Folio. Vellum. ANTIPHONAL (Spanish), Granada, ca. 1525. Large, elaborate calligraphic initials and decorative border designs in red, blue, and black. Square, black, Gregorian musical notations on red 5-line stave. 146 vellum leaves. Atlas folio. Calf over wooden boards, metal bosses and clasps. For details, prices, write: Box 916-E.

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY! Restful charm—modern comfort—good food. Spend a week—a month—a summer. Listed by Duncan Hines, Red Rose Inn, West Grove, Pennsylvania.

WOMAN OF WIDE INTERESTS seeks reassurance that zestful letter-writing is neither a lost nor a solely feminine art. Box 999-E.

LADY OF PLEASING PERSONALITY offers her companionship and ability as housekeeper for at least one year, in return for a living wage and shelter for herself, her cat and canary. Box 917-E.

COLLEGE WOMAN offers career girl separate room, large apartment. $25.00 monthly. *MOnument 2-8168 mornings.*

BOMB INSURANCE! Artist's rejuvenated old farmhouse. Fishkill Hills. 65 miles. Off kind-to-tires Bronx Parkway. Electricity, etc. Victory garden space. Bathing few miles. Expect little, be surprised. $25 a month by year. PLaza 5-7924 evenings.

AS YOU ARE, so you write. Detailed handwriting analysis. Elsie Briggs. Box 828-E.

I WANT TO LAUGH AGAIN. Would some gentleman, whose boys are in the army too, like to correspond? Box 893-E.

PSORIASIS SUFFERERS—Have you tried the new Sulfanilamide treatment? If not, learn about it without obligation. Write today for free booklet "Pso-Ridisal with Sulfanilamide for Psoriasis," Nu-Basic Product Company. Dept. 91, Royal Oak, Michigan.

HAVING BENT TWO PRECIOUS TWIGS to be lovelier than any poem—Beatrice yearns to watch the magic of laugh and work with another Henry Aldrich. Box 894-E.

NEW YORK BOUND? Nor sound of Juggernaut nor flickering electric day, to trouble your slumber at this hostelry. Literary people will appreciate the quiet, pleasant and convenient location of the Hotel Standish Hall in New York City. It is just off Central Park West, and it faces the Hayden Planetarium and the American Museum of Natural History. Direct transportation to the New York Public Library. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is just across the Park. Flexible accommodations. One room, $62.50 per month, for a year. Two rooms, $100 per month. Furnished suites—parlor, bedroom, bath and pantry or kitchenette—from $125 to $150 a month. Kitchenettes have breakfast nooks, refrigerators and gas stoves for those who wish to practice their local cookery in New York. But there is a spacious dining room. Please identify yourself as an SRL reader when writing to *Mr. H. W. McGaffey, resident* manager for reservations. Hotel Standish Hall, 45 W. 81 St., New York City.

PERSONALS

PROFESSOR'S quiet apartment—two bedrooms, kitchen, livingroom. 415 West 115, No. 52.

PARENTS AND OTHERS with a school problem will find the "School & Colieges" Section of the current issue of Harpers Magazine a real help. Our School Bureau will gladly aid you to locate that school or college you seek. Address School Bureau, Harpers Magazine, 49 E. 33rd St., New York City.

WHITE COLLAR WOMEN—let Miss Goodman sponsor your Spring Wardrobe! Her medium is well designed and restrained *clothes. (Coats, Suits, Dresses.) Mostly* Originals. Prices for the better bracket are unexcelled. 474 Seventh Avenue (36th St.) LAckwanna 4-4013.

YOUNG MAN, intelligently aware, however neither an intellectual nor sophisticated, desires diverting female correspondence. Box 898-E.

WANDERLUST: Jaded music teacher, age 22, would be traveling companion to genial gentlewoman. Box 899-E.

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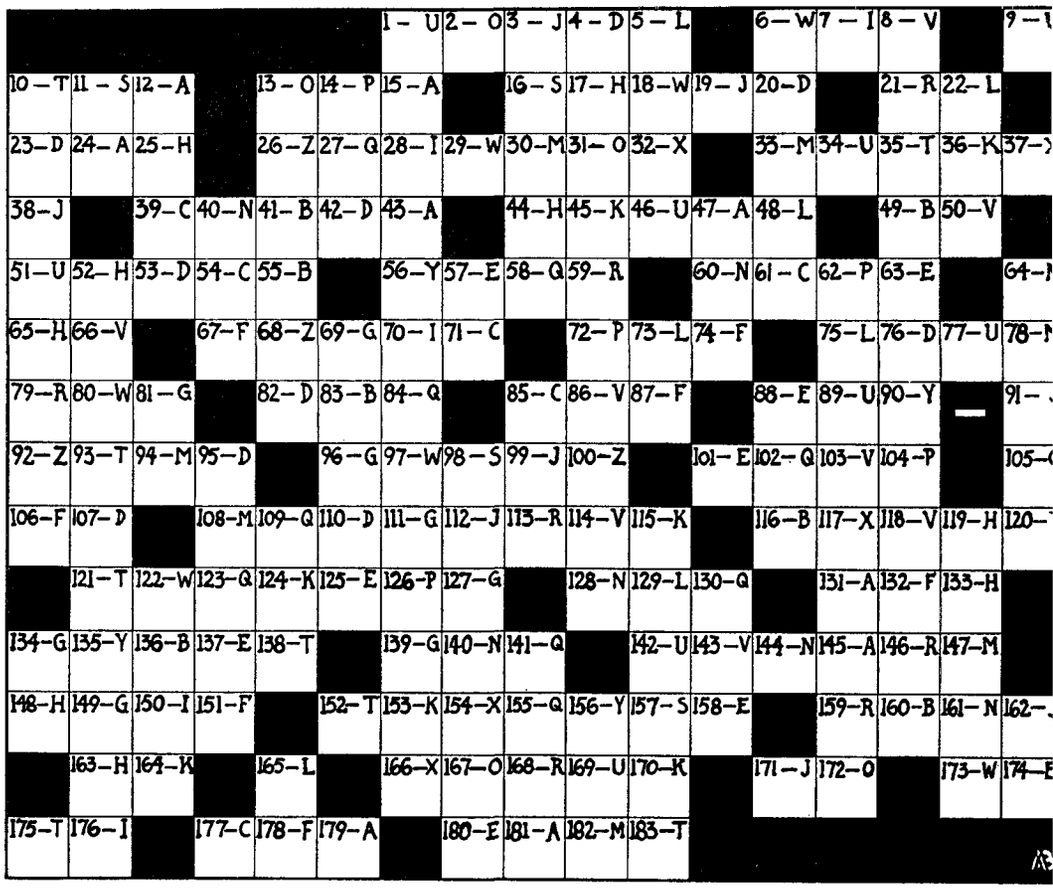

Double-Crostics: No. 421

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 12 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. The place of final defense (2 wds.)

B. A joint (anat.)

C. Thingumbob (comp.; colloq.)

D. To keep away as from a danger (colloq.; 2 wds.)

E. A furious attack.

F. The soul; the divine breath in man (from the Hebrew).

G. False (comp.)

H. A church faction in Lilliput (Gulliver's Travels). (See V.)

I. A mound or ridge of sandy drift deposited by a glacier.

J. A sensational tale.

K. To subject to cruelty; to harass.

L. Russian composer (1861-1906).

M. To think seriously.

N. Shaggy long-haired herding dog of Russian breed.

O. A foolish gentleman in *Measure for Measure.*

P. A native of a group of islands between Alaska and Kamchatka.

Q. Not restrained; violent.

R. To handle, perform in a muddled fashion.

S. Of the color tenné.

T. Turned over and over in the mind.

U. To decide or determine.

V. Another church faction in Lilliput. (See H.)

W. A studio-workshop.

X. To retire ignominiously.

Y. Character in *Othello.*

Z. Obliquely.

WORDS

43 181 12 131 179 145 15 47 24

160 55 49 116 136 41 83

39 61 177 85 71 54 105

95 23 107 20 4 76 42 53 82 110

174 63 88 137 125 57 158 180 101

178 87 67 106 74 151 132

111 134 149 139 69 96 127 81

65 163 148 52 17 25 133 119 44

150 28 70 176 7

38 112 171 99 162 3 19

115 153 124 170 36 164 45

165 73 5 129 75 48 22

78 30 108 94 147 33 182

140 60 64 161 40 128 144

172 31 13 167 2

72 104 62 14 126

109 58 123 141 102 84 155 27 130

59 146 168 21 159 113 79

16 98 91 157 11

152 183 121 10 93 175 35 138

142 169 9 46 1 34 77 51 89

118 50 143 86 66 8 103 114

6 29 80 173 122 18 97

166 154 117 32 37

156 90 56 135

92 120 100 68 26

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The Phoenix Nest

THE Indians, after all, were the Original Americans. Now that our institutions are in peril and we have experienced a revival of enthusiasm in all American things, it may not be amiss to provide a few anecdotes concerning our forebears.

Mother-in-Law—in Choctaw

As a footnote to all the thousands of mother-in-law jokes that have been told, let us mention a post-nuptial custom that in time past prevailed among the Choctaws. For years, and perhaps for life, after her daughter's marriage, the mother was not allowed to look upon her son-in-law. Even during some long trek of the tribe, she must always be hidden from him by a wall or curtain. The catch was—she could still talk to him!

Putting the Bee on the Indian

Old pioneers all knew that the bee was always a forerunner of a westward migration. The Indians of the frontier used to say that whenever bees appeared among them they knew the white men could not be far behind. Apparently bees went westward in those days at about the same pace as the settlers.

Sitting on His Mother

Among the Shawnees the sun was incontestably regarded as the Great Spirit. Schoolcraft and others tell of a meeting between General William Henry Harrison ("Tippecanoe") and the great Shawnee chief, Tecumseh. Tecumseh was both proud and independent, and when the General said to him, wishing to show friendliness, "Come here, Tecumseh, and sit by your father!" he replied, sternly, "*You* my father? No! Sun my father [pointing up at it] and Earth my mother. I rest on her bosom!" So saying, he seated himself upon the ground!

Indian Make-Up

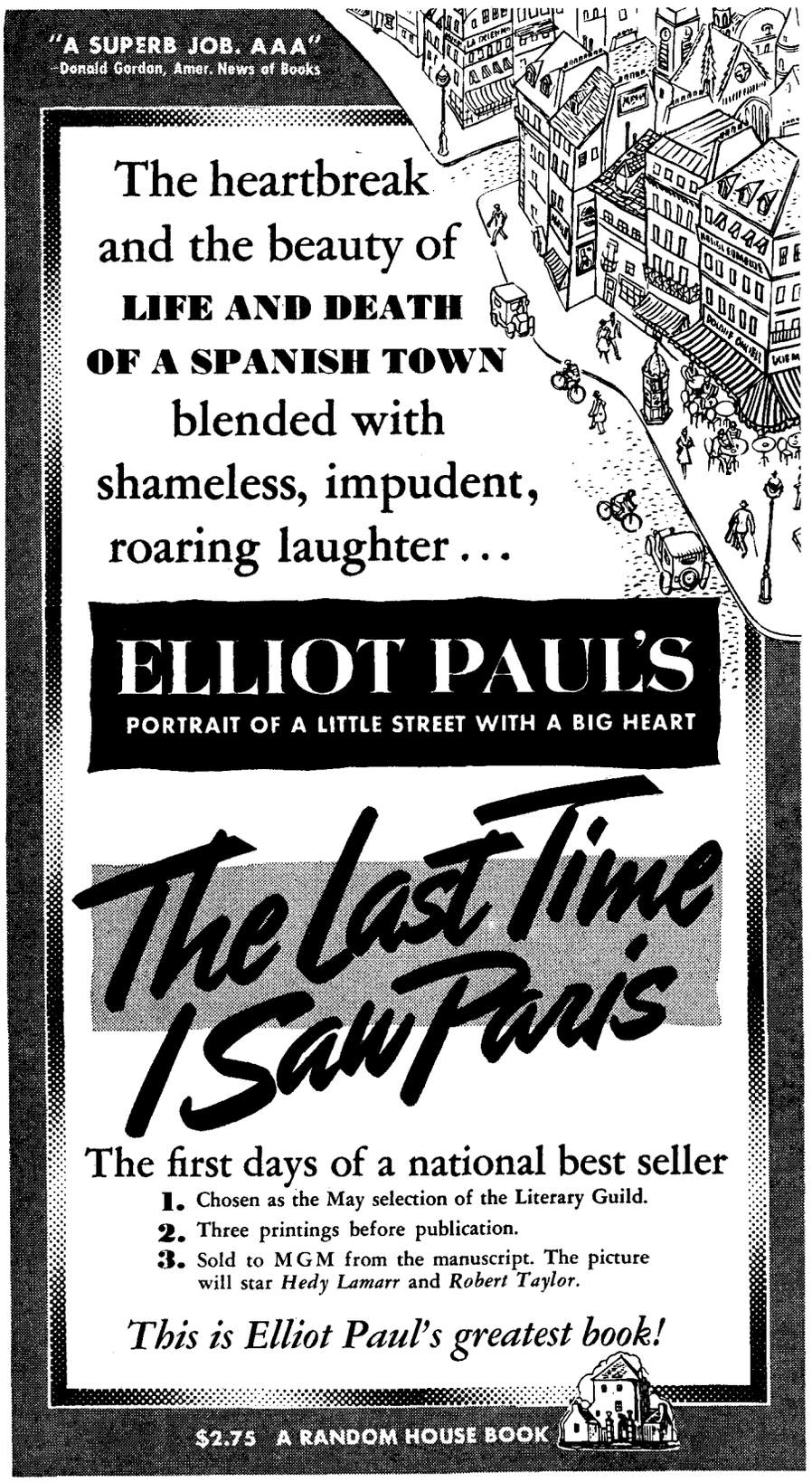
Among the early Indians the braves and warriors painted their faces much more than the squaws, putting pigment to all sorts of fanciful uses. A savage beauty paid little attention to her appearance, but a brave spent a lot of time over his beads and trinkets, set his mirror in a wooden frame, always carried it about with him to consult it, and was seldom parted from his tweezers of wood or wire with which he plucked his beard, eyebrows, and eyelashes!

Babies in Treetops

Probably every mother in America knows and has sung, at one time or another, "Rockabye, baby, in the treetop!" Where did it come from? When the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth, some of the younger people, adventuring into a field, found native Indian women picking strawberries and noticed that the squaws had hung up their papooses bound to their cradleboards on the boughs of nearby trees. A breeze sprang up that waved the cradleboards to and fro. Later on, a young man of the Pilgrim party picked up a loose piece of birch-bark and scratched upon it the words of the now nationally familiar song, only writing "Lullaby" for "Rockabye":

Lullaby, baby, on the treetop;
When the wind blows the cradle will rock, etc.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT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